



CANADIAN AND  
SCOTTISH SONGS  
AND POEMS



By  
THOMAS  
JOHNSTON

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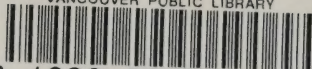
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Canadian and Scottish  
Songs and Poems





# Canadian and Scottish Songs and Poems

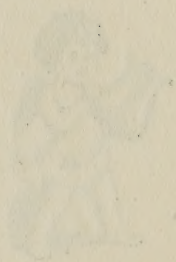
BY  
THOMAS JOHNSTON  
Ghost Pine Creek

*A Native of the Orkney Isles  
Scotland*



CALGARY, ALBERTA  
1920

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# Part One

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## PART ONE

# Canadian Songs and Poems

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### MY FLOWER.

When I was but a boy at home  
I dreamed a happy dream  
Of life, and love, and joy, this earth  
A paradise did seem.

I loved to gather flowers at home,  
As time on wings did fly;  
But when I came to manhood's days  
Another flower did spy.

A nobler passion filled my breast  
With its endearing charms,  
My flower did grow with blossoms fair  
Enfolded in my arms.

But then I crossed the raging sea  
And stemmed the ocean's tide,  
And still my flower unfading grew,  
Her blossoms by my side.

Then out upon Alberta's plains  
In summer did we roam  
And day-dreamed of the happy days  
That we had spent at home.

But summer days come to an end,  
And autumn winds can blow,  
Then covered was the dreary plain  
With winter, frost and snow.

Then all too soon my flower did fade,  
Was from my bosom riven,  
Although on earth we'll meet no more,  
We'll meet again in Heaven.

## THE MAID OF CALGARY.

From Carstairs we did drive one day,  
Right through to Calgary,  
And there I met the fairest maid  
That e'er my eyes did see.

It was about pre-emption time  
That I this maid did spy,  
And still that heavenly vision  
Doth stand before my eye.

She passed me on the sidewalk;  
This maid was dressed in gray;  
She was a beauteous creature,  
Whatever you may say.

Now, Geordie Garson accompanied me:  
"She's like a peach, this maid;  
"She's almost like a painted doll"—  
These were the words he said.

So nimbly did she trip along,  
Her form was full of grace.  
Three bank clerks stopped in wonderment  
When they beheld her face.

Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
Her hair like links of gold;  
And she the fairest maid by far  
That e'er I did behold.

Among the maidens I have seen,  
Some beautiful and fair;  
But yet this maid surpassed them all—  
None could with her compare.

And she is someone's darling,  
Or else she soon will be:  
May ne'er a cloud o'erspread thy life  
Sweet maid of Calgary.

## SAILING O'ER THE SEA OF LIFE

In Orkney Isles I loved a maid  
And this maide became my wife;  
She and I were both together  
Sailing o'er the sea of life.

Then we crossed the raging ocean,  
Fifteen years as one, in love,  
When the call came to my dear one,  
"Leave this earth and come above."

When she died she left me lonely,  
Wandering o'er Alberta's plains.  
She who was my greatest comfort  
I never here will see again.

We are ever sailing onward  
O'er a rough and troubled sea,  
And through the storm some loved one beckons  
There's a haven for you and me.

Some day we'll reach that golden haven,  
When the storm of life is o'er;  
There we'll meet again our dear ones,  
Meet again to part no more.

All of us must cross life's ocean,  
Where the raging tempests roar,  
Trust the pilot at the helm  
Landing us on Canaan's shore.

## IS THERE LOVE IN YOUR HEART FOR ME

Is there love in your heart for me, fair maid?  
Is there love in your heart for me?  
I would cross the Atlantic's rolling wave  
For the love that I bear to thee.

Is there love in your heart for me, fair maid?  
Is there love in your heart for me?  
I would soon steer my course for Scotia's shore,  
A smile in your eye I might see.

Is there love in your heart for me, fair maid?  
Is there love in your heart for me?  
I would soon be back to your arms, my love,  
Could I be sure that you still were free.

Is there love in your heart for me, fair maid?  
If there's love in your heart for me;  
Farewell to these plains and mountains drear,  
For I'm coming home to thee.

### A LAST FAREWELL

Farewell, farewell, Georgehannah dear,  
On earth we'll meet no more;  
But we shall meet again above,  
On that celestial shore.  
For thou hast joined thy father dear,  
And there thy brother, too;  
And little child that took the road  
A few short years ago.

One night when lying in my bed,  
I dreamed a happy dream,  
I thought I wandered o'er the plain  
And lonely did it seem.  
My footsteps then I homeward turned,  
My heart was like to break,  
When suddenly a loving arm  
Was clasped around my neck.

That loving arm I knew so well,  
And joy did fill my heart  
And when I looked into her face  
I said we would not part.



She drew me with a gentle grace  
Near to a willow tree:  
"Cheer up your heart, dear one," she said,  
"And come and live with me."

And then we walked still farther on  
And both sat down to rest;  
I dreamed I took her in my arms  
And clasped her to my breast.  
She did not try to get away,  
But this she said to me:  
"Behold I'm in the spirit now,  
"Bid me farewell," said she.

I then awoke, 'twas but a dream,  
But looking up I saw  
Her face and form above the sky  
There dressed in white array  
She looked so like her youthful days,  
Her face was bright and fair;  
She wore a rose upon her breast,  
Another in her hair.

Now some may think these words are here  
To draw the reader's eye,  
But I will tell you from my heart  
'Tis true, I dare not lie.  
And we all hope to meet above,  
Dear ones who've gone before,  
And live together with the Lord  
On Canaan's blissful shore.

Now friends so dear come dry your tear  
And wipe your weeping eye,  
A few more years will soon pass o'er  
We'll meet her in the sky.  
She fought her battle well on earth,  
Her heart was stout and brave;  
But ah, to think her lovely form  
Lies mouldering in the grave.

Farewell, farewell, Georgehannah dear,  
On earth we'll meet no more;  
But we shall meet again above  
On Canaan's peaceful shore.  
Thy image still shall fill my soul  
And cheer my drooping heart,  
Until we meet in heaven above,  
Where we shall never part.

### TO HER THAT'S GONE

Why hast thou left me, my dear one  
To wander here alone  
And tread the road? I cannot come  
Till my life's work is done.

From Heaven the call did come to thee  
Therefore thou had'st to go;  
But still we long for those who've gone;  
Dear friends, is it not so?

I little thought the day before  
Our parting was so near;  
That I so soon should part with her  
On earth I loved so dear.

When wandering o'er Alberta's plains  
My thoughts are still of thee:  
Thou wert the sunshine of my life,  
The star of hope to me.

The thunder crash may rend the clouds  
And lightnings flash on high,  
'Tis nothing to a troubled heart,  
When tears bedim the eye.

Oh what can I do upon this earth,  
Without thy love to me?  
I am just like a ship sore tossed  
Upon a stormy sea.

For thou hast left me here below  
Ah never to return,  
But landed on a better shore,  
Ah, why then should I mourn?

Wherever on the earth I am  
My aim shall ever be  
To meet thee in a better land  
Where we shall happy be.

## HOME, HOME ACROSS THE OCEAN

Over home across the ocean boys,  
Across the raging sea,  
There are many dear ones waiting, boys,  
To welcome you and me.

For it may be a brother, friend,  
A loving sister, too,  
That is waiting for your coming, and  
They long to welcome you.

Or it may be your father true  
That's longing for his boy,  
Home, Home across the ocean, lads,  
And fill his heart with joy.

Or it may be your mother dear  
Who's waited, perhaps, alone,  
That's longing for the bairn she loves,  
And wants him, back at home.

It may be a bosom darling,  
The chosen of your heart.  
Her breast was filled with sorrow, lad,  
That day you had to part.

Shout "Farewell thou Rocky Mountains  
"Farewell Alberta's plain  
"Home, Home across the ocean, boys  
"To our dear ones again."

## THE FLOWER OF THE PRAIRIE

When driving home one summer eve,  
A trudging maid I chanced to see.  
Her beauty charmed me, and I asked  
If she'd drive along with me.

Her silv'ry voice did sound so sweetly,  
'Twas like music in my ear,  
And the time did pass so quickly  
Till our parting place was near.

"Thank you Sir," said she, so kindly,  
Her simple words did cheer my heart,  
Our time was all too short together  
And we had so soon to part.

But her name I will no' tell ye,  
Though perhaps you fain would know  
Fairest flower of woman-kind.  
Ne'er a sweeter flower did grow.

For my heart swelled with emotion,  
When I met those eyes of thine;  
Radiant as the dewdrops sparkling,  
Fairest flower of woman kind.

All the gold that men can gather  
Is as nought to woman's love.  
For true love is pure and holy  
Like unto the saints above.

Goodbye now to thee, fair maiden,  
Here's hoping we may meet again.  
May thy life be filled with sunshine,  
Out upon this flowery plain.



## THE HAIL STORM

The morning it was bright and clear,  
And no one dreamed a storm was near;  
At noon the clouds o'erspread the sky,  
And soon they hid the sun on high.

The Ghostpine then ran bright and clear  
Where berries grew, and it was near.  
We all marched out in full display  
To gather berries all that day.

Gooseberries grew upon the trees  
The thickest that you e'er did see,  
And Saskatoons grew thicker still,  
And soon a pail a man could fill.

We climbed down on a rocky steep,  
The banks were there three hundred feet,  
Upon the flats where grew the trees  
We gathered berries at our ease.

The thunder then began to sound  
And lowering clouds hung black around,  
The thunder near and nearer drew,  
The lightning bright and brighter grew.

We climbed the banks then had a rest,  
The thunder cloud stood in the west,  
Above our heads was circling there;  
A fearful whirlwind in the air.

Some clouds were black and some were green  
Not oft such clouds are to be seen,  
"It's going south," we all did say,  
And thought that it would pass that way.

The wind blew up and shifted round,  
Huge lumps of hail fell to the ground,  
And still we thought that it would pass  
But then it gathered round us fast.

The tempest near and nearer drew  
And Sarcee Butte was hid from view.  
Jim Stanger's shack not far away,  
We hastened there without delay.

Jim Borwick, Johnnie Moar and me  
Stayed out, the lumps of hail to see:  
One fearful lump, like a duck egg  
Struck Borwick fair upon the head.

It bowed him down near to the ground  
He straightened up, then jumped around;  
He thought that Johnnie Moar or me  
Had struck him with a whiffletree.

Into the shack we then did go,  
More furiously the wind did blow,  
The thunder loud and louder roared,  
The hail struck hard against the board.

Jim Taylor lay down on the bed,  
His hat was pulled down o'er his head,  
His eyes obscured, he could not see  
The lightning flashing vividly.

Then after one tremendous roar  
The words groaned out from Johnnie Moar:  
"O boys, that was a fearful peel,  
"It made the very house to reel."

Jim Stanger looked dolefully around,  
"I'll sell my homestead, I'll be bound,  
As soon as I prove up," said he,  
"No more Alberta's plains for me."

After the hail, the rain did pour  
And ran down on Jim Stanger's floor;  
The hail destroyed the waterproof,  
And split the shingles on the roof.

And when at length it ceased to rain,  
We all marched out to see the grain,  
Our crops were flattened to the ground,  
A standing stalk could not be found.

The reaper and the thresher came  
And scattered all our golden grain;  
Our threshing bill we did not pay  
Because they blew our grain away.

Our crops for several years were lost,  
Some years by hail, some years by frost,  
And so by drought or want of rain,  
And this year it was lost again.

The sun shone later on that day,  
The thunder cloud died far away,  
Away to eastward then was seen,  
The rainbow in a sky serene.

## A PONY RACE

One day a contest did arise  
At Peter Johnston's place;  
Who had the swiftest pony there  
And who should gain the race.

Then Gertie standing near the door  
Said she the race would gain,  
Her untrained pony fast and fleet,  
Just raw, come from the plain.

Laurance McQuid did give the sign  
When they the start should make;  
They started off at fearful speed  
That made the earth to shake.

Then down the Rosebud hill they flew  
Like swallows on the wing,  
And crossed the bridge with mighty bounds  
That made the steel works ring.

And Peter, standing near the bridge,  
Clapped his hands and laughed  
As Gertie bounded o'er the bridge  
And she the foremost passed.

"Hurrah for Gertie!" was the cry,  
For she the race had won,  
Moar and Stanger, far behind,  
They and their ponies done.

### A COLD AND SNOWY DAY.

It was on a Monday morning,  
A cold and snowy day,  
We three struck out for Didsbury  
To load a car of hay.

Jim Taylor he was one of us,  
My brother Jim another,  
We battled on 'gainst wind and snow—  
I made up the other.

Twelve tons of hay we load that day,  
And built up in a car,  
'Twas better by the heating stove,  
And warmer sure by far.

And when the hay was all stowed 'way,  
The lights were burning bright,  
We reached my brother Jamie's house  
And stayed there for the night.

Jim Borwick was as cold as we,  
He was out a-drawing hay  
For Mr. Scarlet's herd of cattle—  
Three loads he served that day.

He had a hard, long way to draw,  
And fierce the storm did blow,  
The coulees all were filled right up  
And drifted o'er with snow.

Mr. Scarlet's herd of cattle were  
Three hundred head and more,  
And many a bunch of horses too  
He numbered by the score.

And when the storm was over in  
The Rosebud, there did lie  
Uncounted calves and cattle  
That in the storm did die.

Now, when it's down at zero point,  
It's rather cold, you know;  
But we have been out drawing hay  
When sixty-one below.

### MISS PEARL RUPP.

There is a lovely maiden fair,  
And Pearl is her name;  
A sweeter flower never grew  
Upon Alberta's plain.

She is modest, young and handsome,  
A lovely maid is she;  
She beats the maids of Carstairs all  
For looks and quality.

Her hair shines like the sunlight,  
The red is on her cheek,  
My ear is ever charmed to hear  
Her voice, so soft and sweet.

Her arms are round and snowy white,  
As pure as driven snow,  
And her face a gleam of sunshine  
Wherever she doth go.



Her neck is like to the snowdrift,  
She's faultless, I am sure,  
No guilt or 'guile is to be found  
Within a heart so pure.

Now Pearl, lovely Pearl, dear,  
When travelling days are o'er,  
We'll meet again, sweet Pearl dear,  
Upon a happier shore.

### SWEET LAURA MCGHEE.

Here the Red Deer River winds over the plain,  
And ofttimes I've viewed it again and again;  
Come sit down, my comrades, and listen to me,  
I'll sing you a song of sweet Laura McGhee.

The day that Jim Taylor and I drove along  
To Sarcee Post Office, and, singing a song,  
A lovely fair maiden drove over the lea,  
That lovely fair maid was sweet Laura McGhee.

It was in the winter and snowing the while,  
It warmed up our hearts to see her sweet smile,  
For her's was the sweetest that e'er I did see,  
There ne'er was a lassie like Laura McGhee.

The winter had gone and the spring it had come,  
Spring waned into summer with a burning sun.  
I sat myself down on the stump of a tree  
To sing me that song of sweet Laura McGhee.

For Laura is handsome and Laura is gay,  
More sweet than the primrose that blooms all  
through May.

She lovers hath many—there's no hope for me,  
But I'll ne'er forget you, sweet Laura McGhee.

Though out on the ocean 'mid the waves dreadful  
roar,

Although I were stranded on some foreign shore,  
Where'er I may roam, by land or by sea,  
I'll ever remember sweet Laura McGhee.

## WHO FIRST DISCOVERED AMERICA.

Now one doth say Columbus  
Was first to reach that shore;  
Leif Ericson explored it  
Five hundred years before.

Leif Ericson, a Norseman,  
From Iceland he set sail,  
And sailed the seas many a day,  
And weathered many a gale.

His provisions soon exhausted,  
All hope of land was o'er,  
When daylight broke next morning  
He sighted Labrador.

He stayed there for the winter,  
Then, with a favouring breeze  
He landed on Newfoundland—  
A land of mighty trees.

Newfoundland he called Marksland,  
Where herds of deer were found,  
And venison, a-plenty,  
Did everywhere abound.

And, when the spring-time opened,  
He sailed the seas once more,  
And landed then on Vineland,  
Now, New England's shore.

There, grapes grew in abundance—  
And swinging in the breeze,  
And birds of beauty also  
Were singing in the trees.

Three years he did explore it,  
And then set sail for home.  
His friends concluded he was lost  
And wondered why he'd gone.

One morning off the Iceland shore  
A boat 'merged from the sea,  
Then in sailed bold Leif Ericson—  
A happy man was he.

His friends did hasten to the shore  
And gathered on the sand,  
There was one still dearer far  
Among that happy band.

And Leif caught her up in his arms,  
A maiden sweet and fair,  
She did embrace Leif Ericson—  
He of red and ruddy hair.

Leif Ericson the bold was he,  
That sailed the raging main,  
He did explore America  
With five and thirty men.

### THE FLOWER OF DIDSBURY.

How sweetly falls the summer dew,  
I love the heart that's always true,  
The heart that's true the one for me,—  
You are the flower of Didsbury.

A maiden young, so sweet and fair,  
With radiant eyes and shining hair.  
A fairer maid you could not see—  
You are the flower of Didsbury.

Could I but claim one loving kiss  
'Twould fill my heart with heavenly bliss.  
Heavenly bliss 'twould surely be—  
You are the flower of Didsbury.

And when I gaze into your face,  
I wish that I could you embrace;  
My bosom burns with love for thee—  
You are the flower of Didsbury.

As I was walking to the door  
I turned me 'round upon the floor  
Thy lovely face once more to see—  
You are the flower of Didsbury.

May ne'er a tear bedim thine eye,  
And ne'er thy heart e'er heave a sigh,  
A life of love before you be—  
You are the flower of Didsbury.

### FROM TROCHU WE DID DRIVE ONE DAY.

From Trochu we did drive one day,  
The sun shone out with scorching ray,  
Till sinking in the golden west—  
We spied a fair maid neatly dressed.

We took her up, then drove along,  
And we were then six miles from home.  
She nineteen summer suns had seen;  
Jim Taylor drove his broncho team.

Roam east, roam west, roam o'er the sea,  
A sweeter maid there could not be.  
Thou image of perfection art,  
May no one grieve that faithful heart.

Her voice did sound so sweet and clear,  
It was like music in our ear.  
Jim was in love, I plain could see,  
He held the lady on his knee!

Oh! Were I not grown old in age  
I'd try to gain that heritage.  
But Jim's a younger man than me,  
So I am left upon the lea.

There's but one star up in the sky  
And that was all he could descry.  
His heart was at its utmost strain,  
With that sweet beauty of the plain.

A cloud did gather on his heart  
Because he had with her to part,  
True love did in his bosom glow,  
I do not wonder it was so.

Farewell, farewell, Alberta's plain,  
I'll to my native land again,  
For home in Scotland I may see  
Some Orkney maid to fancy me.

### THESE ARE HARD, HARD TIMES, BOYS.

These are hard, hard times, boys,  
All the world o'er.  
The hardest time is at the front  
Where loud the cannons roar,  
Where sons of Britain take their stand,  
The Frenchmen by their side,  
It's all to crush the Austrian power  
And lower German pride.

These are hard, hard times, boys,  
All the world o'er.  
But better times will come again  
When this great war is o'er,  
When Russia breaks the Austrian power  
And lowers the Germans' pride;  
There's Belgians, Frenchmen, Britain's  
sons  
All fighting side by side.

These are hard, hard times, boys,  
Away in Servia's land;  
They boldly faced the Austrian foes  
And fought them hand to hand.  
And Turkey's power shall be o'erthrown  
Though fighting men they be,  
Their army driven from the field,  
Their navy from the sea.



Ye noble sons of Italy,  
The valiant and the brave,  
And Britain's sons upon the field  
And on the ocean wave,  
And Frenchmen on the battlefield  
And on the rolling tide,  
It's all the crush the Austrian power  
And lower the German's pride.

Ye noble sons of Belgium,  
Also your daughters, too,  
For ye have suffered many a wrong,  
My heart doth feel for you.  
Your daughters have been done to death  
And suffered many a pain,  
Although a day of reckoning come  
It won't bring back your slain.

When shall the golden morning dawn?  
When war shall be no more?  
And peace shall reign o'er all the earth,  
No more the cannon's roar?  
When ruling love shall be the theme?  
No more the battle cry,—  
Fighting for right and justice sake  
A noble death to die!

### THE LONG DREARY WINTER

The long dreary winter  
Has now passed away:  
You hear in the daytime  
The song of the jay.

The blackbird is singing  
Far up in the tree,  
The meadow lark winging  
Far out on the lea.

The farmers are busy  
All sowing their grain;  
I hope a rich harvest  
Awaits them again.

The ladies are driving  
Right gay into town,  
Intent upon buying  
A new summer gown.

New boots and new bonnets  
Right blithely they go;  
When mounted on horses  
They make a fine show.

Good speed to the farmer  
Who follows the plough;  
Good speed to the rancher  
When driving the cow.

Here's good speed to all men  
Who're honest and true,  
Good speed to the ladies  
Who're wearing the blue.

### **SWEET GRACE MCGHEE**

The surly winds of March did blow  
Across a plain of frozen snow,  
That winter morn I first did see  
That lovely, fair maid, Grace McGhee.

Her voice was sweet, her face was fair,  
Her head o'erhangs with shining hair,  
She charmed my heart, so fair was she,  
That lovely, fair maid, Grace McGhee.

Were I as young as I am old  
I would my love to her unfold,  
My aim in future then would be  
To wed this fair maid, Grace McGhee.

The winter snow did melt away,  
The meadow lark sang blythe and gay,  
The blackbird sang high in the tree  
But my song's to sweet Grace McGhee.

Fair, beauteous flower of the plain!  
Could I but hope thy heart to gain,  
A sweeter maid you scarce could see  
Than this sweet, fair maid, Grace McGhee.

If I should cross the raging main  
Unto my native land again,  
If home in Scotland I should be,  
I'd sing this song of Grace McGhee.

### THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER

Come all young men and maidens fair  
And listen unto me.  
It's of a rancher's daughter dear  
A lovely maid was she.

'Twas in the state Wyoming,  
This rancher he did dwell  
The rancher had a cowboy there  
Who loved his daughter well.

The daughter's name was Helen, and  
The cowboy's name was Bill.  
They both disputed there one day  
While walking past the mill.

That day the cowboy left the ranch,  
Went to another State,  
And there remorse did pierce his heart,  
When low in fever laid.

'Twas but a few weeks after this  
That Helen's mother died,  
Her father to Alberta came  
Near to a river side.

And there located on a ranch,  
His heart with sorrow bled,  
And six months after he lay low  
And numbered with the dead.

When strength came back to Bill, he went  
To see his maiden fair,  
But when he came back to their ranch  
He found she was not there.

From all inquiries he could make,  
And all that he did know  
Was, they had shifted farther north,  
Near to the river Bow.

He could not find his Helen dear,  
No sadder man than he.  
The search he made was all in vain  
When he reached Calgary.

An advertisement he did see  
That called for one good man  
He with the agent did agree  
As foreman of the clan.

The agent sent a boy that day  
To tell sweet Helen, dear,  
He had hired her a foreman  
To serve her for a year.

And on the morrow he would be  
Right there at her command,  
To take in charge all branded stock  
That were upon the land.

The summer sun had scarcely risen  
When Bill rode o'er the plain,  
His goal, the ranch, by six o'clock  
Was his intent to gain.

And as the morning sun shone out,  
His heart did find new cheer,  
He wondered why his worries fled  
As soon the ranch drew near.

And after breakfast he rode out  
The cattle herds to see,  
The other cowboys did the same,  
Upon the open lea.

And Helen, later on that day,  
O'er the prairies rode  
And sad, because her parents lay  
Both hid beneath the sod.

Two thousand steers then did stampede,  
Went bounding o'er the plain;  
Fair maddened with the bite of flies  
And bellowing with pain.

Mosquito bites had set them mad  
And so had the heel fly,  
A precipice before them lay;  
Keep back the herd, she cried.

She drove the spurs into her horse,  
Went bounding o'er the plain,  
The steers dashed on ahead, as she,  
Up to the cowboys came.

"Keep back! keep back!" the foreman cried.  
She did not heed his call,  
But soon flew past them o'er the plain  
Her pony beat them all.

And Bill, a stranger on the ranch,  
Did not the danger know;  
The other cowboys only laughed  
At her behaviour so.

By Jove! thought Bill unto himself,  
She sits her pony well.  
Her hat flew off behind her head  
And her mosquito veil.



Now vigour swelled into his veins,  
I will this maiden save.  
He drove the spurs into his horse  
Bound after bound he gave.

But still ahead of him she kept;  
And bounding o'er the plain  
To stop the maddened steers e'er they  
The precipice could gain.

Then in before that maddened herd  
She did her pony ride,  
And Bill spurred on his noble horse  
And soon was by her side.

His rifle from his shoulder swung  
Should they to her come near.  
To shoot them down was his intent  
To save this maiden dear.

His cowboy's whip he also used  
With vigour in his hand,  
And soon that mass of hoofs and horns  
Were brought short to a stand.

And none too soon; a few yards off  
The river banks did lie.  
"Well don!" cried Helen, "we have won,  
The precipice is nigh."

But what was their surprise, when they  
Both face to face did stand!  
The maiden was the first to speak  
And then gave Bill her hand.

Her hand he took with eager grasp  
While fast did beat his heart,  
"You've done your duty well this day,  
"You've done a foreman's part."

"Now Bill, since we have met again  
"We both ahead will ride.  
"The cowboys can drive back the herd,  
"While we ride side by side."

"I little thought we thus would meet,"  
The maiden smiled and said,  
"A sadder maid you scarce can find,  
"My parents both are dead."

But as they rode across the plain  
Her heart did lighter grow,  
A happy couple now they live  
Hard by the river Bow.

## THE TWO FAIR MAIDS

One day when I was teaming, boys,  
Up Bleriot's hill so steep,  
I met two maidens on the trail  
With voices soft and sweet.

The rose of Sharon in its bloom  
No doubt is sweet and fair,  
But all the flowers that ever grew  
Could not with them compare.

The toothache then was raging wild  
Into my upper jaw.  
It nearly set me mad with pain  
So fiercely did it gnaw.

When I saw their smiling faces  
It surely eased the pain.  
Until this day I sure can say  
It ne'er returned again.

Both of the girls were walking then  
Because the hill was steep,  
The horse was pulling all he could  
And scarce could hold his feet.

"Keep steady, horse! keep steady now!"  
One of the girls did say.  
The other smiled and only said  
"This takes my breath away."

If I were young and it my boon  
To make my choice of them  
I could not tell which one to choose  
Of beauties both the same.

But when I go to Munson, boys,  
Then drink their health I will  
Here's to the lovely maidens fair  
I met on Bleriot's hill.

### MISS IRMA MCGHEE

There is a young lady that lives on this plain  
I think I had better tell you her name.  
And if you would know her she's Irma McGhee,  
If I were young, 'twould be Irma for me.

Fred Plant the musician, and well can he play  
On the school organ by night or by day,  
Her voice is far sweeter than Fred's melody  
If I were young, 'twould be Irma for me.

Jim Taylor can whistle, Jim Taylor can sing,  
And Frank Cole and Clifford's voices may ring,  
Like the yelp of a coyote over the lea.  
If I were young, 'twould be Irma for me.

Dick Near, John Moar and Stanger and all  
Can whistle and sing at a dance or a ball.  
Their voices do sound like the hum of a bee.  
If I were young, 'twould be Irma for me.

There are other young ladies that live round this  
part,  
Also young men who would fain gain their heart  
But yet all the while my song it shall be  
If I were young, 'twould be Irma for me.

Sweet must be the kisses from those lips of thine  
A kiss is far better than sweeter than wine.  
I tell you right now she's the pick of the three  
If I were young, 'twould be Irma for me.

Her face is as fair as the sun's shining beam.  
Good night, now dear Irma and sweet be your  
dream,  
And long may you bloom like the rose on the tree,  
Oh, Irma! Sweet Irma! there's no one like thee.

## TO GUIDE THE TRAVELLER ON HIS WAY

When darkened night has shrouded o'er  
The splendor of the solar ray,  
Then myriad stars come out at night  
To cheer the traveller on his way.

And when the sun has gone to rest  
The moon doth then her light display,  
And lends to earth her paler light  
To guide the traveller on his way.

In days of yore the southern star,  
The sailor's guide, the sailor's stay;  
And on our seas the polar star  
Did guide the sailor on his way.

But now the compass takes its stand,  
The lighthouse shines across the bay,  
And beacon lights shine on ahead,  
To guide the sailor on his way.

In winter when the sun goes down  
And where there is no sun at all,  
The northern streamers shed their light  
To cheer the lonely Esquimaux.

There is a Light that never fades,  
But shineth bright by night and day,  
A Light to lead when others fail,  
To guide the Christian on his way.

## A DREAM OF THE NIGHT

One day when I was westward bound  
And had a load of coal,  
Four horses I did drive abreast /  
All hitched up to the pole.

The Three Hills I had left behind,  
The clouds glowed in the west,  
And ere the Knee Hill I could make  
The sun had gone to rest.

The shades of evening then came down  
A mist was hanging round,  
The prairie trail that I had kept  
Then scarcely could be found.

Great darkness brooded o'er the plain,  
I scarce could find my way,  
I tied my horses to the wheels  
To wait for break of day.

And then I laid me down and slept  
Upon the open plain.  
And as I slept I also dreamed  
That I was home again.

I dreamed I took the trail once more  
That led past Greeny Hill,  
And farther on I struck the road  
That took me past the mill.

The corn was waving in the breeze  
That lovely autumn night,  
And o'er the eastern hills the moon  
Was shining clear and bright.

I hurried on with eager feet  
My own true love to see,  
I gently knocked upon her door,  
She opened it to me.

I fondly clasped her in my arms  
And pressed her to my heart,  
Soft kisses on her lips I laid,  
For soon we had to part.

Such joys as these can't linger long,  
For soon the time did fly.  
Could Angels in a better land  
More happy be than I?

Just then the wolves began to howl  
Not very far away.  
My wolf hounds lying by my side  
Four trusty friends were they.

I then awoke. 'Twas but a dream.  
The frost lay on the ground  
A hoary mist did float along  
Encircling me around.

Then lo! a ray of paler light,  
Above the rising sun,  
Proclaimed the night had almost fled  
The day had just begun.

I then arose and quickly hitched  
My horses to the pole,  
And down the hill of Sunny Slope  
The wagon wheels did roll.

My heart was sad as on I drove  
Along that weary road  
Because the darling of my heart  
Lay hid beneath the sod.

How few there are among all men  
Who will their feelings own.  
A woman's love more precious is  
And better than a throne.



And when I reached the rising ground,  
The Rockies came to view.  
Their snow clad peaks glowed in the sun  
With gold and crimson hue.

And when I viewed these mountains great  
Majestic peaks on high,  
My train of thoughts did wander up  
To scenes above the sky.

Why sit ye there, ye sons of men,  
Bowed down with care and grief?  
Love may be knocking at your door  
To give your hearts relief.

And if no earthly friend you have  
To cherish you and love,  
You have a Friend that never dies;  
That rules the world above.

### MISS BESSIE SHAW

When first I gazed on Bessie Shaw,  
The teacher of Berlin,  
She boarded at Pete Johnston's house,  
It was the early spring.

The meadow lark sang on the plain,  
The mavis in the tree,  
But sweeter than the song of birds,  
Was her sweet melody.

And when she played the piano,  
And sang so sweet and clear,  
The tunes I loved when I was young  
Were sweet unto my ear.

As I passed by the school next day,  
She waved her hand to me,  
She's a maid of modest beauty,  
And of good quality.

A year or more had passed away  
When I came back again.  
It happened on the very day  
That she did leave Berlin.

Farewell! Farewell! Sweet Bessie Shaw,  
I'll bid you now adieu.  
On earth we may not meet again  
I'll still remember you.

## WHEN JANUARY'S WIND WAS BLOWING COLD

The January wind was blowing cold  
The sky was bright and clear,  
And nineteen fifteen was the date  
Of that new opening year.

When drawing hay down Bleriot's hill,  
Where spruce and poplars grow,  
To feed the cattle on the Flats  
At Beerman's down below.

Into a cutter on the hill,  
Two ladies seated were.  
The one was well advanced in years,  
The other young and fair.

The elder lady drove the team,  
And narrow was the way,  
Two wolfhounds also followed them,  
Two noble brutes were they.

The younger lady's lovely face  
Was charming to behold.  
She lives east of the Red Deer flow  
Near Munson, I am told.

Her cheeks were just like roses red  
And tender was her eye.  
A smile spread o'er the lady's face  
As I was passing by.

No wonder that the lady smiled,  
To meet a man like me,  
I had not shaved for o'er two weeks,  
Perhaps for nearly three.

And icicles in my moustache,  
Did hang down with the cold.  
My coat was torn below my arm  
So piteous to behold.

Since I have left old Scotland's shore,  
Nigh twelve years it must be,  
I have not seen a fairer face,  
But one in Calgary.

Fair beauteous flower of human life,  
Made in perfection's art;  
May never grief enter thy home  
Nor sorrow in thy heart.

#### WRITTEN TO MISS MARY McARTHUR

Dear Miss McAuthur I do hope  
You won't take this amiss.  
When I do take my pen in hand,  
To write you such as this.

I thank you for the cards you sent.  
For it was very kind  
Unto the girls and unto Pete  
You have kept them all in mind.

And for your kindness at the school,  
And on the closing day,  
And for the looks you gave to them  
Before you went away.

I hope that great success in life  
May all your labors crown.  
For you are climbing up the hill  
While I am tottering down.

May health and happiness be thine  
And life a peaceful rest,  
May sorrow never enter in  
To pain thy youthful breast.

The winter has been very cold,  
With storms of wind and snow.  
The thermometer did register,  
Near sixty down below.

I long to hear the voice of spring  
And see flowers deck the plain.  
The trees, I hope, beside the stream  
Will flourish green again.

If on this earth we meet no more  
We hope to meet again  
Where winter storms do rage no more  
Beyond the seat of pain.

### THE YOUNG FRENCH GIRL

One winter day when winds did blow  
Across a plain of frozen snow.  
To Munson that day did I go,  
And met a young French lassie O!

On Bleriot's hill I did her meet,  
Her riding skirt down to her feet,  
And oh she had a face so sweet,  
That lovely young lassie O!

She sat her pony like a queen,  
A fairer maid could scarce be seen,  
She wore a toque of red and green,  
That lovely young French lassie O!

Her rosy cheeks and face so fair,  
Her head was crowned with dark brown hair,  
I wished I could had kissed her there,  
That lovely young French lassie O!

And when she reached the flats below,  
She slackened rein, let her pony go.  
Off she went like a flying crow,  
That lovely young French lassie O!

### MISS HANNAH KRAMPEN

As I was a-walking from Didsbury,  
The flowers were growing out on the lea,  
So I sat myself down by Glenn's hog pen,  
To sing me that song of Hannah Krampen.

A storm was brewing away in the west,  
So I sat me down and had a good rest.  
When the storm burst out with thunder and rain,  
I sang me that song of Hannah again.

The sun shone out bright later on that day  
As straight on for Brado's I wended my way,  
I viewed Maple Grove farm again and again  
And sang me that song of Hannah Krampen.

When walking along I turned my eyes  
To the upstairs window as I passed by  
A handkerchief wave from the window came  
I saw the sweet face of Hannah Krampen.

I lifted my hat and made a low bow  
And in through the window I wished I could go,  
There was no chance there, so homeward I came  
Singing that song of sweet Hannah Krampen.

## THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA

Out upon the bounding billows  
Sailed the Lusitania  
Little dreaming danger nearing  
For the sea was smooth that day.

She had sailed from New York harbour  
And was bound for Liverpool  
Passengers about three thousand  
All her berths were nearly full.

Safely she had crossed the ocean  
And was off the Emerald Isle  
South west of the head of Kinsdale  
About ten to twenty miles.  
Cowper thought he saw the tower  
Of a German submarine  
But it sank down in the ocean  
And then nothing more was seen.

All unwarned a torpedo  
Swiftly speeding on its way  
Hit beneath the stokers' bunker  
On that ever fateful day.

Then another quickly hit her  
Down beneath the engine room  
And that missile of destruction  
Sent the liner to her doom.

Loud and clear the order sounded  
Men stand back and clear the way  
Women and the children foremost  
Man the boats and lower away.

But so quickly did she flounder  
Down beneath the rolling wave  
Passengers about one thousand  
Sank into a watery grave.



There was wailing, piteous wailing  
Mothers weeping bitterly  
For their children who were sinking  
Down into the surging sea.

The submarine rose to the surface  
When its dirty work was done  
Sailed away and left them drowning  
Help and succour gave they none.

Oh 'twas murder! cruel murder!  
Out upon the open sea.  
Had you dear ones on that liner,  
What would then your feelings be?

At the bottom of the ocean  
Now their bones do lie at rest  
But their spirits live up yonder  
In that land of heavenly bliss

### THE MEADOW LARK

A meadow lark sat on the fence,  
Singing so cheerily  
Unto its mate, not far away,  
As happy as could be.

The spring was in the earth and air;  
And flowers did deck the plain;  
And Nature bloomed in every charm;  
The trees were green again.

And as the bird sang to its mate,  
The chorus aye would be.  
There's not a bird in all the land,  
I love so dear as thee.

A hawk was soaring in the air,  
And watching for his prey.  
So down he swooped, but missed the lark,  
I'm very glad to say.

## THE THREE FAIR MAIDS

'Twas on July the twenty-fourth  
Of nineteen ten and six,  
That I did work on Bleriot's hill  
A side drain for to fix.

I straightened up my back to rest  
As labouring men will do.  
I heard the sound of horses' hoofs  
And female voices too.

Just then a vision came to view,  
That made my heart stand still,  
Three ladies dressed in gay attire,  
Came riding down the hill.

And one of them she did remark,  
"There's great improvement here."  
Though spoken in an undertone,  
The words came to my ear.

The first rode past, and I was told  
She came from Calgary.  
The bloom of youth was on her cheeks  
She cast a glance at me.

The second with a smile so bright  
And face of rosy hue,  
Said to me with accent sweet,  
The words, "How do you do."

Had I been young I would have been  
Fair hit by Cupid's dart  
My honour! but a girl like that  
Would cheer a drooping heart.

The third rode past in stately form  
And never looked around.  
She sat her palfrey like a queen,  
A queen without a crown.

Then past a bend into the road  
They disappeared from view.  
But I can nevermore forget  
That face of rosy hue.

## THE SAME NIGHT'S STORM

'Twas late in the afternoon,  
The clouds o'erspread the sky,  
And sounds of distant thunder roll  
Proclaimed a storm was nigh.

And Madam Bleriot's garden fence  
The cattle had broken down,  
Which I repaired by putting in  
New posts into the ground.

And when the garden fence was fixed,  
Down spouting came the rain,  
I helped Germaine to drive the chicks  
Into the roosting pen.

There stands one solitary pine  
For ages it has stood.  
The ranch was named from that lone tree  
A monarch of the wood.

The night closed in with lightning flash  
And thunder's awful roar.  
With howling wind and beating rain  
In torrents down did pour.

The wind blew as 'twould blow its last  
Amid the gathering storm.  
And whistled through the cotton wood  
As if Nick blew his horn.

No rest or slumber could I get,  
With sighing of the trees.  
And on the river waves rolled up,  
Like billows on the seas.

But when the morning sun arose,  
The rain clouds blew away  
Before a stiff and western breeze,  
Which brought a better day.

## WRITTEN TO MISS ETHEL NICKERSON

You wish me to write you a note  
And pen these lines without a blot,  
Because the children broke the rule,  
And were not every day at school.

Last week the northern winds did blow,  
Which brought about a storm of snow.  
The weather being very rough,  
The children all began to cough.

This is the explanation given  
As sure as angels dwell in heaven.  
Excuse me for my saying so  
But Lottie's past the age ye know.

I hope I have made all things plain  
Until I write to you again  
And if there's anything amiss  
We both can seal it with a kiss.

## MISS GERMAINE HAMEL

By the Red Deer River a maiden doth dwell  
She's Germaine Hamel, her name I will tell  
Come sit down my comrades, sit down beside me  
I'll sing you a song of this sweet, sweet Marie.

It was in the winter when cold winds did blow  
The ground was all deeply covered with snow  
Riding down Bleriot's hill I by chance did see  
This lovely French maiden, sweet, sweet Marie.

Her image is decked with the garlands of grace  
The smile of good nature rests on her face  
She's as sweet as the angels in Heaven you'll see  
This lovely French maiden, sweet, sweet Marie.

Her eyes draw like magnets, her cheeks are like  
roses,

One of the fairest that Nature discloses,  
And sings like a mavis that sits in the tree,  
This lovely French maiden, sweet, sweet Marie.

Farewell to the river, Farewell to the plain,  
Farewell to this maid till we meet again,  
But wherever I roam, by land or by sea,  
I'll ever remember sweet, sweet Marie.

Away to old Scotland, the land that I love,  
Through its hills and vales I oftentimes did rove,  
And then as mild evening crept over the lea,  
I sang to that fair maid, sweet, sweet Marie.

Sweet Marie, Sweet Marie, there is no one like thee,  
Thy heart is pure as the lily can be,  
Till the billows of death are rolling o'er me,  
I'll sing of thy praises sweet, sweet Marie.

### THE MEETING OF MISS ANNIE ARCHIBAL.

The morning broke with cloudy skies,  
With roads of mud and clay,  
When I got up the Red Deer banks,  
I spied a maiden gay.

So steep and slippery was the road,  
It was this the lady feared,  
To see her safely down the hill,  
My help I volunteered.

So then I took my logging chain,  
And used it for a brake,  
Tied from the axle to the wheel,  
We safely down did make.

Her friend she had been visiting,  
Upon that holiday,  
A school teacher from the Hand Hills,  
Full forty miles away.

From Nova Scotia she had come,  
About five years ago,  
And her brother had enlisted,  
And gone to fight the foe.

We talked about this dreadful war,  
Also of sin and crime,  
I do believe that heart of hers,  
Was heavenly and divine.

As we went up that slippery hill,  
Upon the other side,  
I have often wished to myself,  
I had her for a bride.

We stood a little while and talked,  
When we the top did gain,  
I'll still maintain unto this day,  
That parting gave me pain.

But wounds heal up and so did mine,  
I'm very glad to say,  
I'm ready for another trip,  
Either by night or day.

## WRITTEN TO MADAM A. BLERIOT

'Twas on a Sunday afternoon,  
To the latter end of June,  
By Bleriot's house I chanced to stray,  
Upon that memorable day.

The house doth stand among the trees,  
Where softly blows the summer breeze,  
The Red Deer River running near,  
As by its waters I did steer.



That day as I was walking there,  
Sweet strains of music rent the air,  
I stood and listened to the sound  
Like one upon enchanted ground.

Madam Bleriot sang so sweet and clear,  
The evening hymn that I did hear,  
As sweet as any heavenly band,  
Or angels in a better land.

Such heavenly strains of music rare,  
Were wafted on that evening air,  
My heart was held in reverence dear,  
To her who sang so sweet and clear.

Fair England's rose is hard to beat,  
This flower from France is twice as sweet,  
And while my blood its course doth flow,  
I'll sing her praises where I go.

## SECOND WRITING TO MADAM A. BLERIOT

Your husband's on the battlefield,  
His heart still longs for you,  
He longs for you he loves so dear,  
A woman sweet and true.

For it was a tender parting,  
When he bade you goodbye,  
And fondly held your hand in his  
With teardrops in his eye.

'Twas hard to part with those he loved,  
And cross the raging sea,  
To leave his dear ones far behind,  
His wife and children three.

He left his home in Canada,  
In France he took his stand,  
To fight the German savages,  
Back to their native land.

To face the cannon's loud death roar,  
Where balls and bullets fly,  
To free his land from German rule,  
Where thousands fell to die.

But when this war is at an end,  
And German power o'er-thrown,  
The Austrians brought to bend the knee,  
And Turkey's strength is done.

Then he will return again,  
Unto his children three,  
Back to the darling of his heart,  
And will happy be.

So now my rhyme is at an end,  
I'll bid you now adieu,  
But while the tide of life doth flow,  
I'll still remember you.

## THE TWO LOVERS

There stood a man and maiden fair,  
Beneath a cotton tree,  
I listened to what they might say  
With curiosity.

He asked her if she'd be his wife,  
She softly answered yes,  
And as he held her in his arms,  
He gave to her a kiss.

He pressed his mouth to her red lips,  
The red spread o'er her cheeks,  
And then he whispered in her ear,  
These words so soft and sweet.

I love thee as I love my life,  
You are my heart's desire,  
My bosom burns with love to thee,  
Like to celestial fire.

Then as he held her hand in his,  
Thus fondly did they linger,  
He took out the engagement ring,  
And placed it on her finger.

You're mine in heart and mine in hand,  
The joyful lover cried;  
This binds you to your word until,  
A stronger knot is tied.

He kissed her o'er and o'er again,  
Embraced her tenderly,  
I saw no more, I hurried off  
Away among the trees.

### SWIMMING IN THE RED DEER

The summer days were at an end,  
And autumn in the air,  
As Alf and Mac drove for the town,  
The day was bright and fair.

Two days before the winds did blow,  
With dark and leaden skies,  
And heavy rains had therefore put  
The river on the rise.

And when the ferry boat did cross,  
The river then was low,  
But when they were in Munson town,  
It quickly up did go.

And Alf was slow to leave the town,  
So Mac did take the road,  
But when he struck the river banks,  
The Red Deer was in flood.

Into the middle of the stream,  
Great logs and trees did float,  
The rushing torrent was too strong,  
To man the ferry boat.

So Mac unhitched his horses there,  
And tied them up to feed,  
As Alf came thundering down the hill,  
As hard as he could speed.

Before he reached the water's edge,  
He reigned his horses up,  
The river I will swim, he cried,  
Though bumping to the top.

He therefore did take off his boots,  
His other clothes likewise,  
And Mac and others stood beside,  
All gazing in surprise.

When Mac and others saw that Alf  
Was ready to plunge in,  
They took ahoid to keep him back,  
For fear he could not swim.

And they tried to hold him fast  
But Alf gave such a bound  
That nearly jerked them off their feet,  
And strewed them all around.

And when he got out of their grasp,  
The river he plunged in,  
These were the words he said to them,  
"It's now, boys, for a swim."

First Mac stood gazing in surprise,  
And then gave such a shout,  
Enough to shake the river banks  
Or burst a thunder cloud.

Hey Andrew lad bring out the boat,  
And save that drowning man,

And Andrew's voice did answer back,  
I'll do whate'er I can.

Then Andrew got a hawser rope  
And laid it in the boat,  
He took an oar into his hand  
And pushed the craft afloat.

So Andrew rowed with all his might  
And always looking round  
When lo, he spied a human head,  
'Twas bobbing up and down.

A log large as a wagon wheel,  
Came floating down the stream,  
As Mac stood gazing on the bank  
Even larger did it seem.

It floated on where Alf did swim,  
'Twill catch him sure, thought Mac,  
But Alf dived under like a duck,  
It merely scratched his back.

When Alf went down beneath that log,  
They thought that he was gone,  
But he soon to the surface rose,  
And boldly he swam on.

And Andrew on the rolling flood  
Still followed with the boat,  
I'll tow you right ashore, he said  
If you will hold the rope.

I'll swim, cried Alf, I'll swim across.  
He is a hero bold,  
And soon he reached the other side,  
All dripping wet and cold.

Alf waved his hand, hurrah! hurrah!  
These were the words he said.  
In his shack he rubbed his hide  
And then rolled into bed.

## WRITTEN TO MRS. PERREAL

Germaine, the sweet, the pure, the true,  
My blessing ever goes with you,  
Where e'er you roam, by land or sea,  
Still ever happy may you be.

Though storms may rage and winds may blow  
And war is raging here below  
Deep down into your bosom's core  
May peace still reign for evermore.

May he who loves you ever be,  
Faithful and kind and cherish thee,  
And may you be a faithful wife,  
To cheer and comfort him through life.

For here we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again,  
But there's a home beyond the sky,  
For all good people when they die.

Into that home far, far away,  
Where we all hope to meet some day,  
Your sister she has gone before,  
Your father's landed on that shore.

May we all be among the blest  
In that sweet heavenly place of rest,  
Where peace and joy are to be found,  
And happiness doth there abound.

And when we reach that happy shore,  
We'll meet all those who've gone before,  
Farewell Germaine, the sweet, the true,  
May I be waiting there for you.



## THE ALBERTA ORKNEY SCHOOL CONCERT

In Orkney school one winter night,  
When war was raging at its height,  
Both old and young assembled were  
To hold an entertainment there.

They held a concert and a dance  
To aid the Red Cross work in France,  
The proceeds turned out to be  
In dollars numbered fifty-three.

One lady did the organ play,  
And songs were sung with music gay,  
And recitations also given,  
The concert ended at eleven.

The supper then was served around  
And cakes in plenty did abound,  
The dancing started in full swing.  
They waltzed around the dancing ring.

There was one lady dressed in white,  
The very dress that I do like,  
She was so handsome, neat and smart,  
She stole away a young man's heart.

Another one was dressed in black,  
That fitted loosely round her back,  
Her comb was set with pearls so bright,  
That glittered like the stars at night.

One lady wore a velvet dress  
As tall and straight as any rash,  
Her face was pleasant for to see  
And modest as a maid could be.

Another had a face so sweet,  
And clad in silk from head to feet,  
Her mirth amused the merry crowd,  
For oftentimes she did laugh aloud.

One lady there was dressed in blue,  
Of paler light than violet's hue,  
She was of small design and neat,  
For dancing she could not be beat.

There sat one maid quite near the door,  
That did not trip around the floor,  
For dancing she was not inclined,  
A sweeter maid you could not find.

Again came round a skirt of blue,  
With blouse of white and heart so true,  
With sky blue ribbon in her hair,  
This lady was both young and fair.

The young men well did act their part,  
And tried to gain the lady's heart,  
With joy their eyes were beaming bright,  
They wore their sweetest smiles that night.

The night wore on, time quickly flies,  
The moon lit up the southern skies,  
Just as the clock was striking three,  
All drove for home so merrily.

### MISS MARY BROSTEAEUE, THE BELGIAN GIRL

Down by the Red Deer river banks  
I met a maiden gay,  
Of Belgium's race and fair of face  
One lovely autumn day.

By Bleriot's corrals we sat down,  
Upon a log to rest,  
Though young in years this maiden is  
One of the very best.

Her face was bright as morning light,  
And she was ten years old,  
Her eyes as bright as stars by night,  
Like gems of living gold.

The wicked Huns their vengeance wrought,  
Into thy native land,  
I'm glad you're here, sweet Mary dear,  
Far from their cruel hand.

We soon must part sweet flower of life,  
For winter's drawing nigh,  
When winds will blow with storms of snow,  
I'll bid you now goodbye.

But when the spring again comes in,  
And flowers do deck the plain,  
And trees are green beside the stream,  
We hope to meet again.

## THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

The day after Christmas  
I drove to the school,  
I met an old man  
Who was not a fool,  
But this is the way he accosted me,  
You are soon to get married—  
He! He! He!

He weighs one hundred  
And fifty himself,  
This is his weight  
The truth I do tell;  
His wife weighs two hundred  
And fifty three,  
No wonder he laughed and cried—  
He! He! He!

I turned my horses  
And I drove away  
The snow had been falling  
That whole winter day  
Now where does the joke lie  
With him or with me?  
You can all have a laugh and cry—  
He! He! He!

### MISS GERMAINE BLERIOT

There is a little girl I love  
Not far away  
I saw her first by Bleriot's corrals  
One summer day.

When first I saw her youthful face  
I stood and gazed,  
To see here in her beauty's bloom  
Like one amazed.

I fondly took her in my arms,  
So sweet was she,  
And sat me down upon a log,  
She upon my knee.

Her sunny face and beaming eyes,  
Were shining bright,  
Like stars that glitter in the sky,  
At dead of night.

She is so sweet it seems to me,  
Gold's just like dust,  
Compared with her, yea, jewels all  
Are but like rust.

The curly hair upon her head,  
Hung loose around,  
Like flowing locks of living gold,  
Her head is crowned.

For she was young in childhood years,  
But three years old,  
This is the age of this young girl,  
I have been told.

And when the day wore to a close,  
I had to go.  
It made my heart sad when I left,  
I loved her so.

And when I parted there that day  
I nearly cried.  
We'll meet again, I bade her then  
A sweet goodbye.

## THERE ARE MANY CROSSES IN LIFE

There are many crosses in life,  
Few pleasures you can win,  
For when you are the happiest,  
Some trouble then comes in.

For some may live in poverty,  
And some may roll in gold,  
But health and happiness come first,  
I oftentimes have been told.

I once did hear an old man say,  
What makes a happy life,  
It is when you get married to  
A kind and loving wife.

The man that wants to happy be,  
He should himself be kind,  
When kindness you to others show  
You, happiness will find.

## ROY MITCHELL'S SLOUGH

One night the farmers did foregather  
In spite of any kind of weather  
And there they held a useless blather  
'Bout Mitchell's slough.

Now some proposed to grade the road  
With trees and brush and also sod  
Methinks it would take many a load  
To fill the slough.

There is a fence on every side  
And on the road you most abide  
You cannot walk, you cannot ride  
Through Mitchell's slough.

There's water to the horses' flanks,  
And ice enough to cut the shanks,  
A horse don't need to try his pranks,  
In Mitchell's slough.

And some proposed to dig a drain  
And carry off the surface rain,  
It would require a lot of men  
To dry the slough.

The road's too bad for any horse,  
Part of the slough's on Billy Ross,  
And Billy would get very cross,  
To dry the slough.

You know it is his watering pond,  
Of ducks and geese he's very fond,  
And to his call they do respond  
In Mitchell's slough.

Some say to make the road around  
On firmer soil and dryer ground,  
I think this also could be found  
Near to the slough.



There is one here that knows the same,  
And Frederick Plant he is by name,  
You see this would forfeit his claim  
To Mitchell's slough.

In summer when the days are dry  
And not a cloud is in the sky,  
No other water then is nigh  
But Mitchell's slough.

And when we get the summer rains,  
This slough abounds with water hens,  
And chirping frogs upon the plains,  
In Mitchell's slough.

I sure would like to see a road  
That either man or beast could tread  
That any horse could draw a load  
Through Mitchell's slough.

When coming home from school one night,  
The sky was clear, the moon was bright,  
I thank the one that drove me right  
Through Mitchell's slough.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though the slough may be bad with its waters so  
deep,  
There are far greater dangers than that,  
There's a monstrous beast that roams through  
that road,  
Some say it is Mr. Plant's cat.

I am sorry to say this country you've struck,  
Is a wild and a dangerous land,  
So if you do happen to walk out alone,  
Just keep a six-shooter in hand.

## A CHINOOK FROM THE WESTWARD CAME

A Chinook from the westward came  
And melted all the snow  
The sun shone bright upon the land  
And warmed the earth below  
The frost king got a sudden scare  
And mounted in the air  
But down again he came at night  
With white and hoary hair.

The sun rose up the next morning  
And an angry sun was he  
For Johnnie Frost had made the ground  
As white, as white could be.  
Then Johnnie Frost said to the sun  
The summer months you reign  
And I will choose the shorter days  
The winter months I claim.

Just then a gust of wind did blow  
Among the forest trees,  
And blackened clouds came scudding up  
Before a snoring breeze,  
And lightning flashed it's fiery darts  
With thunder's awful roar  
And rain driven before the wind  
In torrents down did pour.

Heave ho, the wind did cry in glee  
You see what I can do,  
The clouds I've driven through the air  
And hid the sun from view;  
The frost king cannot now be found,  
His head is lying low,  
I'll help to bring the summer rain,  
Also the winter snow.

Out shone the moon, so pale and wan  
Not of a silvery hue,  
And this she said unto the sun,  
My light doth come from you,  
I give it back to earth again,  
My monthly course I run  
Around the earth, and yearly course  
I circle round the sun.

The planets also in their course  
Do their own circuit make  
And heavenly bodies yet unseen  
Do their own wanderings take  
The stars that glitter in the sky,  
In countless numbers are  
The dipper circles once a day  
Around the polar star.

### DOLLY O'DOODLE

Dolly O'Doodle sat under a tree,  
She had fallen asleep, sound as could be,  
Johnnie McQuiver came riding by,  
I'll kiss her said Johnnie, sure as a pie.

He sprang from the saddle down to the ground  
He stepped up to Dolly now sleeping sound  
His tongue licked his lips with the thoughts of a  
kiss,  
And soon he partook of that heavenly bliss.

With the kiss on her lips she awoke with a start,  
She sprang to her feet so neat and so smart,  
Says Dolly to Johnnie you'll pay for that smack,  
The Mounted Police I'll set on your track.

He sprang to the saddle as quick as could be,  
And over the prairie like a swallow, flew he,  
And Dolly turned round and laughed at the fun,  
He's a silly old clown, that son of a gun.

## WRITTEN TO MISS LEFIE PATCHETT

Miss Patchett is young, she's sweet and she's fair.

The pride of the prairie the truth I declare,  
She's jolly, good-natured, she's jovial and smart,  
She not left a young man around a whole heart.

The men gather round her, wherever she be

Each young man to show off his best quality  
Its common in Sarcee it must be the rule

The same with each teacher that comes to our  
school.

There is lifting of hats sweet smiles and a bow,

Then right there before her they stand in a row,  
To catch just one glimpse of her eyes shining bright  
They stand and they gaze in her face with delight.

She's pretty good looking, a sweet prize to gain,

One of the best on this wide open plain

Sweet, sweet is her voice and it's charming to hear,  
Like the sweetest of music it falls on the ear.

When the prairie is decked in its mantle of green,

In the full bloom of health may you ever be seen,  
Or the white hand of winter doth cover the plain,  
In your heart's flower garden may peace still  
remain.

Still may you be happy and bloom like the rose

In the sweetness of life where tear never flows  
When Christmas doth come at the end of the year  
I wish you, Miss Patchett, the best of good cheer.

## I'VE SAILED ACROSS THE RAGING SEA

I've sailed across the raging sea

Unto a foreign land,

And sailed up the St. Lawrence great,

To where old Quebec stands.

And viewed the heights where Wolfe did climb  
The city bold to take,  
And he did lose his life that day,  
The slaughter was so great.

Yet many in the Orkney Isles  
Have climbed a far worse crag,  
And I for one have done the same,  
To take a seagull's egg.

I've been in my bed at night,  
And heard the coyotes howl,  
The wolfhounds lying by the door,  
Set up a mournful growl.

And when the sun lit up the sky,  
I've ridden o'er the plain,  
And hunted down the prairie wolves,  
With the same wolfhounds then.

I shot a lynx up in a tree,  
The skin I off him tore,  
From hind leg claws to fore leg paws,  
He measured five feet four.

A specie of the cat he is,  
So tiger-like is he  
He will not run from man or beast,  
But fight for liberty.

I saw an eagle soaring high,  
Then swoop down on the plain,  
To eat the carcass of a cow,  
Lying near the Knee Hill then.

I've viewed the Rocky Mountains great  
And ridden o'er the plain,  
I've watched the rushing waterfall,  
When swelled up by the rain.

And many other things I've seen,  
And more I hope to see,  
But yet and still and all the while,  
The Orkney Isles for me.

## A TRIP ACROSS THE OCEAN

Come gather round my jolly lads,  
And listen unto me,  
What do you say for us to take,  
A trip across the sea.

We'll leave the Rockies far behind  
Also Alberta's plain  
And we'll head out for Scotland, boys,  
To our dear land again.

We'll rail by Lake Superior,  
Take boat by old Quebec,  
Through the St. Lawrence and the Gulf,  
And then through Belle Isle strait.

We'll up on deck my jolly lads,  
Like sailors bold and free,  
There goes the great Alhenia  
To southward o'er our lea.

I see a great bird flying past,  
Near to our starboard rail,  
Tut, man! that's no bird at all,  
That is a flying whale.

What's that I see right o'er the bow,  
Not bigger than my head?  
You mean that speck ahead of us,  
Gosh man, that's Alsia Crag.

And then into a great wide ditch,  
With trees along its side,  
Gosh, man, 'tis not a ditch at all,  
That is the river Clyde.

At Greenoch churchyard there was laid  
Burns' Highland Mary dear  
A fairer and a sweeter maid,  
Did Scotland never rear.

At Glasgow City we will land,  
And then we'll take the train,  
And through the Scottish highlands run,  
On to the sea again.

Then we will cross the Pentland Firth  
Run for the Orkney shore  
And for the lofty Isle of Hoy  
Where foaming billows roar.

Pomona's Isle, land of my birth  
With fields of yellow grain  
My song shall ever be of thee  
We're home once more again.

### BELGIUM MOLLY

Have you seen dear Belgium Molly  
The girl I love so dear,  
I am always feeling happy  
When Molly's ever near,  
But when dear Molly's far away  
My heart is said and sore,  
But I'll still love Belgium Molly,  
I'll love her evermore.

For her and I have boated oft  
Upon the Red Deer River,  
And in the summer time we have  
Both drove to town together,



And when my heart was weary,  
She cheered me by the way,  
There's few like Belgium Molly  
Whatever you may say.

Though Molly is a school girl,  
She's very dear to me  
And I am getting old in age,  
A man of fifty-three,  
But still I'll love dear Molly,  
While tides do ebb and flow,  
There are very few so dear to me,  
As Belgium Molly O.

## IF YOU WILL WALK ALONG A STREAM

If you will walk along a stream  
In summer when it's dry,  
You will see buffalo heads by hundreds,  
Their bones by thousands lie.

No more this living mass are seen,  
To run upon the plain,  
Protected in the government parks  
Some hundreds still remain.

And herds of deer upon these plains  
Run bounding in their glee,  
And north of Edmonton today  
Some thousands you can see.

In the Saskatchewan still there runs  
A troop of horses wild,  
They to an Englishman belonged,  
But he went home and died.

And now this troop of horses all  
Run wild upon the plain,  
And all the efforts that are made  
Can't capture them again.

And bears are in the footpad hills  
And in the Rockies wild,  
And timber wolves still in the brush,  
That tore Ben Rimmon's child.

Right in the Selkirk range there is  
A glacier of great size,  
The area of this vast ice field,  
Is thirty-eight square miles.

Now history shows these mountains great,  
Were all one level plain,  
A great eruption then took place  
And threw these peaks amain.

### THE THUNDER STORM

The sun was setting in the west  
Black clouds gathered up on high  
The meadow lark had gone to rest,  
And lightnings gleamed along the sky,  
And later on the rising breeze  
Did moan into the forest trees.

We soon a rumbling noise did hear  
Which did proclaim a storm was near,  
And brighter still the lightnings grew  
As on the fiery tempest drew;  
The thunder was one steady roll,  
It seemed to shake the northern pole.

The storm came on with hail and rain  
Dashing against the window pane,  
A thunder bolt struck at the door,  
We thought our days on earth were o'er  
And on then through that dreadful night,  
The heavens were all one gleam of light.

The scene had changed, the morn had come,  
When up arose the burning sun;  
The meadow lark began to sing,  
And swallows hovered on the wing,  
And wolves did howl beside the stream;  
The night before was like a dream.

Upon the plains a horse lay dead,  
The lightning struck him in the head,  
And down the banks the rocks did roll;  
The lightning made a fearful hole,  
Fences were torn to the ground  
And trees uprooted could be found.

Although the storm did rage all night,  
A calm came with the morning light,  
And soon the wheat fields all were green  
And birds of beauty could be seen;  
With cheering showers of summer rain,  
The flowers quickly decked the plain.

## TO YOUNG AND OLD A GLAD NEW YEAR

I was at a wedding in Harrow dear,  
Nineteen Four was the date of the year,  
The young men danced with the ladies fair  
With sparkling eyes and golden hair.

Now I'm far away o'er the raging main  
Driving along o'er the frozen plain,  
Chasing the wolves o'er the frozen snow,  
With hounds and horses along we go.

The badgers, too, and the lynx run  
When they hear the crack of the sportsman's  
gun;  
The deer run swiftly o'er the plain,  
The foxes run into their den.

The Rockies raise their summits high  
Their snow clad peaks in the clear, blue sky;  
When the torrent falls with a deafening roar,  
It reminds me of old Orkney shore.

When Christmas comes at the end of the year,  
I think of the friends I love so dear,  
Far, far away on the Orkney shore  
Where loud the foaming billows roar.

So now goodbye to you friends all,  
I hope you'll enjoy your Christmas ball,  
May Christmas bring you all good cheer  
To young and old a glad New Year.

### THE GRIZZLY BEAR

There lives among the Rockies wild  
The dreadful grizzly bear,  
To beard the monster in his den  
Very few hunters dare.

And through these awful mountains  
He searches for his prey  
His body weighs two thousand pounds  
I've heard some hunters say.

He's monarch on the mountain tops,  
King in the valleys below;  
He scorns to hear the thunder roll  
And fears not any foe.

Great is his strength and long his claws  
To tear the frozen ground,  
A stronger enemy of man  
Is nowhere to be found.

And yet among these mountains great  
Some hunters bold are found,  
That meet the monster face to face  
And shoot him to the ground.

## WRITTEN TO MISS WOODWARD

Thou lovely flower of tender sex  
As fair as nature ever makes,  
Pure are thy lips and fair thy face  
Thy charming form is full of grace;  
I here forthwith do take my pen  
To write the virtues of young men,  
For where a lady flutters round  
Young men are always to be found

There's one of stout and burly frame  
Another lanky, I'll not name,  
And one with dark and curly hair  
That loves you dearly I declare;  
These three are good and honest men  
As sure as I do use my pen,  
All searching for a bosom spouse,  
They need a mistress in the house.

Thy suitors they are doomed to pain,  
A lady's heart is hard to gain,  
They cannot all successful be,  
It's only one out of the three;  
There's more young men that I could spot  
And they will soon be on the trot,  
For should you not soon married be  
You'll soon have six instead of three.

The trustees of the district school  
Their heads with knowledge all are full,  
Two stalwart men as you can see,  
And one of smaller pedigree;  
You have permission for to dance  
Hornpipes, Strathpeys, quadrilles and lance,  
So spring the light fantastic toe  
When circling o'er the floor you go.

Don't tell your suitors they are vain,  
For they are promising young men,  
They smile their best when they meet thee  
Sweet flower of humanity;  
And when I send you this short rhyme  
Just read it when you get the time,  
You need not either laugh or cry,  
So I will bid you now goodbye.

\* \* \* \* \*

If this don't suit you to a T  
Just write a little note to me,  
And what is wrong I will put right,  
Good night, Miss Woodward, sweet good  
night.

### WERE YOU EVER IN LOVE?

Were you ever in love, my boys?  
I heard an old man say,  
'Tis like the melting of the snow  
Upon a winter's day;  
Your heart gets soft and tender  
Toward the one you love,  
You treat her like an angel,  
As tender as a dove.

Oh love is like the old wife said  
Ripe apples on a tree,  
For when you thought that I was ripe  
You came to marry me;  
You gave to me a new gold ring,  
A brooch and bracelet too,  
And fondly took me in your arms,  
Called me your honey dew.

The old man puckered up his face  
Drew his pipe out of his mouth,  
He spit out the tobacco juice  
You're right enough my spouse,

But do you know the day we wed  
You kissed me o'er and o'er  
And said that when we got to bed  
You'd kiss me ten times more.

A frown o'erspread the old wife's face  
And she made for the door,  
I've heard enough of that, old man,  
I pray you say no more;  
His pipe and his tobacco box  
Lying on a chair she spied  
Which she took up into her hand  
And dropped them both outside.

The old man chuckled and he laughed  
And thought he'd won the day,  
But when it came to supper time  
Ne'er pie nor cake got he,  
And when he went to have a smoke  
He hunted round and round  
His pipe and his tobacco box  
Were nowhere to be found.

A sulky man he went to bed,  
A sulky man he rose  
When he woke up next morning  
He soon put on his clothes,  
His boots he put upon his feet  
And marching o'er the floor,  
His pipe and his tobacco box  
He found outside the door.

### THIS WHICH I AM GOING TO WRITE

This which I am going to write  
Now some will side with me  
And some will think that I am wrong  
And we may not agree;



For what is it that makes the man?  
It is not land or gold,  
It is a kind and generous heart,  
I oft times have been told.

There is one class of men I'll name  
The great, the rich and true,  
Of such as these the world can boast  
I'll give to them their due,  
They help the needy by the way,  
The hungry mouth they feed,  
And also in a modest way  
Supply the orphans' need.

There is another class of men  
Who keep the poor man down  
And take away his every cent,  
Then meet him with a frown,  
And many daughters of the earth  
Have brought to sin and shame;  
They are but beggars on this earth  
In everything but name.

Yet still, another race of men,  
The honest sons of toil  
Who work from morn till late at night  
Some turning round the soil,  
They whistle as they march along  
And sing with joy and glee,  
When night comes down they march along  
Their true loves just to see.

For I was once a ploughboy lad  
Upon the Orkney shore  
The land which I have left behind  
I hope to see once more;  
Now I am on Canadian soil  
Where I am gathering gold,  
My poorest were my happiest days,  
Those good old days of old.

## THE MAIDS OF KAMLOOPS

Tomorrow you leave Calgary  
And pass the great divide  
And through the mountains of B. C.  
For the Pacific side.

You should stay off at Kamloops where  
The Thompson river flows  
And see the pretty maidens there  
They're blooming like the rose.

For it is the ripened cherries  
That make their cheeks to glow,  
They like what's sweet and good to eat  
You very well doth know.

There are pretty maids in Kamloops  
And nice ones on the plain,  
But some doth say that you will find  
Their hearts are hard to gain.

And any stranger in the town  
Who knows not where to go,  
Should, if he cannot find these maids,  
Attend the picture show.

But you can see them every day,  
You'll meet them in the street,  
With faces white and eyes so 'bright,  
The pink upon their cheek.

And in the inland hospital  
The nurses are so kind  
And if you want a bosom spouse,  
No better you can find.

Now, I'll bid adieu to Kamloops,  
My home is on the plain,  
But when the summer days come round  
I may be back again.

## THE INDIAN MAID

When I was down in Kamloops, 'mong  
The mountains of B. C.,  
I saw a little Indian maid  
As fair as you could see.

Her face was of a ruby hue,  
Her eyes were shining bright,  
Though she was of the Indian race,  
She was a pretty sight.

Her hair was plaited nicely and  
Hung down behind her head  
In two long plaits and at the end  
Was tied with ribbons red.

And she did wear a tartan dress  
The emblem all will know  
It was worn by the Highland clans  
In Scotland long ago.

Ye maidens fair who're white of skin  
With cheeks of rosy hue,  
There is a beauty in her eyes  
That will compete with you.

Ye heavenly powers that reign above  
And rule both land and sea,  
Look down and bless that Indian maid  
Near Kamloops in B. C.

## FAIR FRANCE WITH THY FLOWERS

Fair France with thy flowers  
And maidens so gay,  
I'll sing of thy charms  
This long summer day,  
For Britain and France  
Still manning the guns  
Shall fight on to victory  
And conquer the Huns.

All Europe's in battle,  
And bullets are flying  
And hundreds of thousands  
Are wounded and dying,  
The roar of the cannon  
The heaven is rending  
And over the wounded  
The nurses are bending.

The Germans have murdered  
Have looted and slain  
Killed helpless young children,  
Boys, girls, women and men;  
Great Power up above  
That rules earth's rotation  
Look down and avenge  
These brutes of creation.

Uncle Sam's to the rescue  
He's crossing the main  
To strengthen the allies  
The fight and to gain,  
He will fight like a demon  
He'll fight for the right  
And conquer the Huns in  
The strength of his might.

The Canadian troops  
Have gone long ago  
And well done their part  
In fighting the foe,  
But many are wounded  
And many are dead  
The blessing of Belgium  
Will rest on their head.

When the war's at an end  
The soldiers returning,  
Some will be happy and  
Some will be mourning

For many were parted  
To meet never more  
Until they all meet  
On that heavenly shore.

### PATSY JOYCE

When I was down in Kamloops  
In the Inland Hospital,  
'Twas there I saw sweet Patsy Joyce  
A nice young little girl.

She had passed an operation  
For a growth behind her ear,  
And she is getting nicely on  
All will be glad to hear.

For she is young and sweet and fair  
And is but six years old  
Her father is in hospital  
In France I have been told.

Now we must part, dear Patsy  
Within a day or two,  
Where e'er I roam by land or sea  
I'll still remember you.

Oh I'll never forget sweet Patsy  
With all her books and toys,  
I hope that we may meet again  
Goodbye now, Patsy Joyce.

### WRITTEN TO MISS POLLY MOLLYNEAU

When driving to Munson one fine summer day  
Near the river a lady I met by the way  
If you are going to town, kind sir, said she,  
Will you bring out a parcel from Munson for me?

I gave her some paper, she wrote down a note,  
I scanned its contents on the old ferry boat,  
But after reading it I knew no more  
But to take back a parcel from the drug store.

So when I reached Munson that fine summer day  
Right into the drug store I soon made my way  
And when I saw Polly, her eyes shining bright,  
I stood and I gazed in her face with delight.

For Polly is plump, round faced and she's fat,  
She's mighty good looking, good tempered at that  
So I pulled out the note and placed it in her hand  
Says Polly this writing I don't understand.

We both read together, her face close to mine  
With a smile on her lips by gosh it was fine,  
Her bosom it heaved as her soft breath came  
sweetly  
I know now what's wanted, Polly said meekly.

So Polly was better at reading than me  
It's toilet paper that's wanted said she,  
With the sweetest of smiles and joy on her face  
She into my hands that parcel did place.

I drove away home as proud as could be  
For serving a lady was new unto me,  
And when I drove up to her mansion so fair  
I presented the parcel with greatest of care.

She opened the parcel and she said O dear me  
It was films for photos I wanted, said she  
I tried to explain, but the lady felt sore  
'Twas a new kind of film Polly kept in her store.

I scarce could contain mine own modesty  
Until I got out right under a tree  
And then I laughed till my sides both were sore  
At the new kind of films Polly sold in her store.

It was nice of you Polly, to play me that joke  
No doubt you thought Johnston an old silly bloke  
I tell you dear Polly, I will every time,  
If you write me a letter I'll answer in rhyme.

And when you get married please let me know,  
Just write me a note when it is to be so.  
For I have the films and you have the pay  
Look out for the films on your wedding day.

Good night now, dear Polly, the sun's sinking low  
Still may you be happy wherever you go  
And when I am sleeping, my dream it will be,  
Dear Polly, sweet Polly, there's no one like thee.

### WRITTEN TO MISS VERA ROBINSON

You wish me to write to you  
And tell you what is right and true,  
Because young Pete had broke the rule  
And was away some days from school.

We kept him home the other day  
To help us just to stack some hay,  
My daughter and two sons are gone,  
I soon will have an empty home.

My goodness, but it's hard to write  
A note to you so late at night,  
My eyes are weak, you well can see  
It's your turn next to write to me.

I ought to tell you one thing more  
I feel into my bosom's core  
An awful longing there for thee  
I mean that word, l-o-v-e.

### I AM FEELING LONELY

I am feeling lonely, Mary dear,  
I miss you, oh, so bad  
And ever since you went away  
My heart is ever sad.

But when I got that Easter card  
I very well did know  
That still you do remember me,  
Dear girl, is it not so?



And on the card a monstrous egg  
With little children three,  
I tell you, Mary dear, it was  
The very thing for me.

I boiled it in our largest pot  
Then took our biggest spoon  
And eat out of it all the day  
From morning until noon.

So then I hitched my horses up  
Went out and sowed some wheat  
At length when supper time arrived  
I scarce knew how to eat.

It's getting late now Mary dear  
So I'll bid you adieu,  
But till I draw my latest breath  
I'll still remember you.

I'll still remember you, my dear,  
I'll still remember you,  
Though raging seas between us roll  
I'll still remember you.

## ANOTHER WRITING TO MISS MARY BROSTEAU

Oh Mary, dear Mary, I'll write you some prose  
Because you have sent me a beautiful rose  
The letter you wrote me was kind and so smart  
The love in your letter did cheer up my heart.

I have longed for you, Mary, again and again,  
My heart has been beating and throbbing with  
pain,  
When the holidays come I'll be waiting for thee  
Come back my dear Mary, come back unto me.

We'll meet at the river where fishes do play  
And birdies are singing so blythe and so gay,  
Under a willow a wide spreading tree  
There let me spend the evening with thee.

When the shadows are falling, the sun gone to rest  
The crimson clouds glowing away in the west,  
With your hand in mine there let me be  
Down by the river awalking with thee.

'Tis summer I know for the fields are now green,  
The beauty of Nature around us is seen,  
It's nice to be out on a fine summer day  
But it's lonely for me when you are away.

There is a land which is fairer than this  
Far away, far away in the home of the blest,  
So Mary, dear Mary come give me your hand  
And we'll both march on to that heavenly land.

There is a land which is better than this  
Where our hearts they shall sorrow no more,  
Come along, Mary, come along with me  
And we'll live on that beautiful shore;

Then all our trials on earth will be o'er  
There will be pain and sorrow no more,  
Your heart and mine with love shall entwine,  
When we live on that beautiful shore.

### A LONG FAREWELL

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell  
I'll write my Belgian Molly  
Since you have left the Red Deer banks,  
I'm feeling awful lonely.

How swiftly did the time glide past  
When first I saw my Molly,  
My heart was full of joy all day  
But now I'm feeling lonely.

When passing by the White Star school  
I used to see my Molly,  
But now she's at the Mecheche Creek  
I'm feeling awful lonely.

It was at the Mecheche sports  
I went to see my Molly,  
My heart was full of joy that day  
But now I'm feeling lonely.

Down by the river side one day  
Again I saw my Molly,  
But oh, we had so soon to part  
I'm feeling awful lonely.

Come back again, come back to me,  
Come back dear Belgian Molly,  
If you will but come back to me  
I will not feel so lonely.

## THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hark the Christmas bells are ringing  
Tidings of great joy are bringing,  
Oh, hark the sound of Christmas cheer  
To old and young a glad New Year.

Another year is passing  
Hear the children joyful cry,  
Tomorrow brings them Christmas cheer  
Those little children, oh how dear.

Oh see them playing with their toys,  
And all their hearts are full of joy  
And their little feet are fleeting  
Winter joy and Christmas greeting.

Oh happy may the children be  
And oft times Christmas may they see,  
For Christmas comes but once a year  
To little children, oh, how dear.

## I'LL LOVE THEE FOREVER

Oh, where is my Mary, I miss you today  
You're out on the prairie and far, far away,  
Sweet flower of Eden, so young and so clever,  
Although we are parted I'll love thee forever.

All the sweet scented flowers that grow on the  
prairie  
Reminds me of thee, my own dearest Mary,  
They recall back the time that we both spent to-  
gether,  
Although we are parted, I'll love thee forever.

'Tis autumn I know for the leaves are now falling  
And the crows on the fence to each other are  
calling,  
Life's but like a dream our lives for to sever,  
Although we are parted I'll love thee forever.

For the rosebush hath faded the flowers are gone,  
And you have departed and left me alone,  
Sad, sad is my heart, it's all in a quiver,  
Although we are parted, I'll love thee forever.

The winter is coming with snow on the plain  
I long for the day when we both meet again,  
Sweet were the days we have spent by the river,  
Although we are parted, I'll love thee forever.

I love you, dear Mary, you know this is true,  
There's a tender spot down in my bosom for you,  
Can I forget you, forget you, no never,  
Although we are parted, I'll love thee forever.

There's a home far away in the land of the sky,  
May we meet again in that sweet by and by  
In that home above may we live together  
Never to part, I will love thee forever.

## WRITTEN TO MISS JEWEL HERMAN

There is a jewel sweet and fair  
That lives upon Alberta's plain  
Much sweeter far than Eden's flowers,  
This jewel is a living gem.

When first this jewel I did meet  
It was upon a bright spring morn  
Although the morning air was sweet  
The frost king blew his bugle horn.

The winter it was nearly past  
A Chinook from the westward came  
But soon the northern winds did blow  
And froze the water up again.

Her face was of a rosy red  
The very same as is today,  
Her eyes like winter stars at night  
And smiles around her lips did play.

And she was on her way to school  
Near Dunham's fence among the ice  
I picked her up into the sleigh,  
A pretty girl and very nice.

But now she is a full blown belle,  
And when we meet she's rather shy;  
She thinks I am too old, no doubt,  
And that is just the reason why.

## THANK YOU MARY

Thank you Mary, thank you kindly  
For the gift you sent to me  
'Twas a useful Christmas present  
Oft times Christmas may you see.

When the summer sun is shining  
Brightly o'er this flowery plain,  
And the wheat again is growing  
Then I'll hope we'll meet again.

Like a gem in summer sunshine  
You are in life's early bloom,  
I am fleeting quickly onward  
Daily downward to the tomb.

Good night Mary, goodbye dearest  
Oft times I do think of thee,  
Sweet, oh sweetly may you slumber  
Joyful may the morning be.

Good night Mary, goodbye darling  
Happy may you ever be  
I could sit me down a lifetime  
Writing poetry to thee.

### THE ENGLISH ROSE

There is a rose upon this plain  
That grows through sunshine, snow and rain  
A beauteous rose of English race  
With stately form and lovely face.

This English rose is hard to beat  
Her face is fair, her voice is sweet  
Her head with raven locks is crowned  
She wears a face without a frown.

I am the Scottish thistle's down  
That lived ten miles from Stromness town  
'Mong Orkney hills where heather grows  
Where Scotsmen used to sup their brose

But now I'm on Canadian plain  
'Mong winter snow and summer rain  
'Twas here I met the English rose  
As fair as Nature ever grows.

This rose did cross the raging main  
And now she lives upon the plain  
Canadian flowers though sweet and fair  
Can't with this English rose compare.

And of no slender build is she  
As sturdy as a good oak tree  
A rounded bulb with stately stem  
And English Polly is her name.

Though oft times I have thought of you  
I'll have to dib you now adieu,  
Though other men may 'be forgot  
Pray don't forget thy brother Scot.

### I GOT YOUR LETTER

I got your letter  
And pictures so fine  
I'll write you soon,  
Dear girl of mine;  
We are all well  
Hoping you are the same,  
Look out for a parcel  
Addressed to your name.

I am getting old,  
You're in your prime;  
You stole my heart  
Come give me thine,  
It's a fair exchange  
We can be one  
If you'll be my wife  
I'll be your man.

I won't marry you  
You are too old,  
The lady cried out,  
Your heart is too cold;  
She tossed up her head  
Then turned her back,  
Her new chirping boots  
Were crying quack, quack!



## THOUGH THOU ART IN THY YOUTHFUL PRIME

Though thou art in thy youthful prime  
  Arrayed in beauteous bloom,  
The darkened hour is on the wing  
  That lays thee in the tomb.

Soon shall the shady night come down  
  With dark and cloudy sky,  
Though thou art like the opening rose,  
  Thy stem shall fade and die.

Soon shall thy rosy cheeks grow pale  
  Thine eyes grow dim with age  
And furrows gather on thy brow  
  Just like a blotted page.

And lower down thy earthly frame  
  Shall crumble down like rust,  
Thy lifeless body shall lie low  
  All buried in the dust.

'Tis not the end, the soul shall live  
  Either for weal or woe,  
Flee to the King of Kings and live  
  Escape thy mortal foe,

No sorrows then shall thee o'ertake  
  All shall be peace and love,  
There earthly friends shall meet again  
  In that sweet world above.

## TWO MEN WENT OUT TO KILL A HOG

Two men went out to kill a hog  
  The fourth day of December,  
I will tell you all about it  
  As near as I remember.

The first one took his rifle down  
And gave the hog a shot,  
The other took the butcher knife  
And stabbed him in the throat.

They then did take a butcher tub  
With water to the brim,  
And lifted hoggie off the ground  
And plunged his body in.

Out of the tub they took him then  
Laid him on a stone boat  
And there he lay, water and blood  
Still gurgling in his throat.

But not a hair would then come off  
The water was too cold,  
They shaved him then from head to feet  
That's just as I was told.

And still their vengeance was not spent,  
One kicked him in the snout;  
They took a knife and ripped him up  
And tore his inside out.

And one maintains unto this day  
His liver was too big  
And that it was not fit to eat,  
Too large for any pig.

They raised him then high in the air  
With ropes above the corral,  
One said to me the hoggie had  
Scarce any brains at all.

And there he hung for two long days  
Near dripping with his fat,  
'Tis horrible to think upon  
Such wickedness as that.

They lowered hoggie down at last  
Undoing all his ropes,  
And drove him roughly o'er the road  
Inside a wagon box.

They took him then to Munson town  
To sell for butcher meat,  
The butcher laughed to see the hair  
And hoofs upon his feet.

I'll dock one cent a pound, he said  
For being badly dressed;  
It's hard to sell such meat as that,  
I've done my very best.

It is the best that I can do,  
The cash was then paid down  
The owner put it in his purse  
And quickly left the town.

### THE FOUR WORTHIES

An Englishman sat upon a fence  
A-smoking his long pipe,  
When he fell backwards on the ground  
And tore his pants outright.

Crossing a stream an Irishman  
Tried to make a jump  
But he fell headlong in the stream  
And nearly broke his rump.

Poor Scotty was more sensible  
He waded through the water,  
Before he got into his home  
His teeth began to chatter.

A Yankee then came riding past  
Laughing with fun and glee,  
And there his head caught in between  
Two branches of a tree.

The horse walked on and left poor Yank  
Still hanging in the air,  
And if you chance to pass that way  
You'll see him hanging there.

## THE DAY IT IS COLD

The day it is cold and it's starting to snow  
The wind from the north a winter storm blows,  
So I'll sit myself down by the old heat stove  
To write you, dear lady, a few lines of prose.

It is just for amusement I write unto thee  
I hope that you will not be angry with me,  
The leap year's now in, pray take a look down  
And we'll both take a drive into Munson town.

It's true I am old, but my heart is still warm  
A drive with an old man will do you no harm,  
I'll give you an inkling just now where I am  
The theme of my lay is about a young man.

The last piece of poetry I wrote unto thee  
I now understand you were angry with me,  
So come now, dear lady, just let your face shine  
I know very well you will never be mine.

There's Theode of the Ghost Pine, a sprightly  
young man,  
That would fain be in love with you if he can,  
He's hunting a lady to make her his wife,  
And he says you would be the pride of his life.

So when he doth come for to court you again  
Be as kind as you can, don't cause his heart pain,  
But if he gets cross as he's likely to do,  
Just tell him to go and to marry Miss Theue.

## THE BULL AND THE BEAR

'Twas near unto the footpad hills  
A cowboy rode one day  
To view his cattle on the ranch  
Not very far away.

The herd was grazing quietly  
Close to a shady wood,  
And near to where the cowboy was  
A bluff of poplars stood.

He then dismounted from his horse  
And tied it to a tree,  
Quite pleased was he for in the bush  
A stream ran quietly.

I'll have a drink, the cowboy thought  
It will not take me long,  
His rifle he did leave behind,  
Tied to the saddle thong.

When walking on he heard a snort  
That made him turn around,  
An angry bull not far behind  
Was pawing up the ground.

He thought the bull was after him,  
So climbed up in a tree,  
But Mr. Bull walked farther on  
And bellowed furiously.

Just then a crushing noise he heard  
Among the underwood,  
And from a thick set spreading bush  
A bear emerged and stood.

One of the dreaded grizzly bears  
Was lurking there that day,  
The bull had scented him afar  
While hunting for his prey.

The bull rushed up to meet his foe  
And made an angry charge,  
The bear stepped quickly to one side  
And tore him with his claws.

The bull then made another rush,  
The charge was all in vain  
Again the bear stuck in his claws,  
He bellowed with the pain.

The lowing herd came running up  
And stood not far away  
And watched the opponents to see  
Which one would gain the day.

And thus the combat fierce went on  
The bull was failing fast,  
When up against a tree he caught  
His enemy at last.

He pinched him hard against the tree,  
His horns went through his side,  
The blood was dripping on the ground  
The bear fell down and died.

And then the herd came closer up,  
Compassed their victor round,  
The skin was torn down from his back  
And hanging to the ground.

The bull stood up about an hour  
And moaned in agony.  
Then on the ground he fell to die,  
A piteous sight was he.

The cowboy from the scene turned round,  
Went where his pony stood,  
Untied the rope, got on his back  
And rode off from the wood.

Never before a bull was known  
To fight a grizzly bear  
Or to come out on equal terms,  
The same as happened there.

## THE EVENING SHADOWS

Slowly fall the evening shadows  
When the sun is sinking low,  
And the clouds are beaming dimly  
With a red and crimson glow.

Darkened night is fast approaching,  
The sun is low in the west  
Stillness reigns o'er all the prairie  
And the birds are gone to rest.

Far away across the mountains  
Disappears that orb of light,  
But the moon is now arising  
With its pale and silver light.

Softly now the dew is falling,  
Sweetly blows the evening breeze  
With its cool and gentle whispers  
Sighing through the leafy trees.

Oh 'tis summer, lovely summer,  
See how all the flowers do grow  
And the sweet perfume of roses  
Sweetens all the world below.

Summer's flying, Autumn's coming,  
See the yellow fields of grain  
And the farmers with their binders  
Binding up their sheaves again.

Don't forget the evening shadows  
Stealing slowly o'er the land,  
When you go to bed and slumber  
Guarded by a Father's hand.

## YE NOBLE SONS OF CANADA

Ye noble sons of Canada  
Ye men who fought so well,  
Who fought for Britain's glory  
The flag that never fell.



Men from the Rocky Mountains,  
Also ye city men,  
Men from the boundless forest,  
Men from the rolling plain.

You left your homes in Canada  
And crossed the raging wave  
To fight for Britain's glory,  
The Mother Land to save.

Some left their wives and children  
To fight the German foe,  
Where bullets fly, men fell to die  
They conquering on did go.

You took the German trenches  
'Gainst bombs and gas and shells,  
And all for Britain's glory  
There many fought and fell.

Your name shall reign in history,  
Great praise to you is due  
What's done by the best of men  
Canadians can do.

Ye noble sons of Canada,  
Ye valiant and ye brave  
That fought for Britain's glory  
In air, on land and wave.

### THE THREE DOGS

The other day three dogs did stray  
Away down Bleriot's hill,  
Off Beerman's cheese and eggs and bread  
They had a fearful fill.

Onions and potatoes they mashed up  
And sniffing o'er the floor  
They smelt tomatoes in a can  
Beneath the cellar door.

Then scratching at the cellar door  
One raised it with his claws,  
Biscuits and a tomato tin  
He raised up with his paws.

And lard that was inside a pail  
They licked it turn about  
And if you chance to see them yet  
There's grease about their snout.

The one was of no pure bred stock  
With horns about his face,  
His tail near dragging on the ground  
Seemed of the setter race.

The other had a slender tail  
Well lifted off the ground,  
With hanging ears and pointed snout,  
He looked more like a hound.

The third he was a lanky brute  
His tail curled o'er his back,  
He seemed the king among the three  
And leader of the pack.

I met two of them on the road  
Upon a Wednesday,  
They had been visiting Bierman's coop  
His hens had ceased to lay.

No doubt they were returning home  
As hungry as could be,  
Their eyes were staring in their heads  
Their teeth bared wolfishly.

They likely will return again  
Same as they did before,  
While scavengers are on the road  
Lock up your hen house door.

## THE OWL OF THE ROCKIES

The owl of the Rockies sat high in a tree  
There perched up on high as proud as could be,  
And viewing his plumage, a beautiful gray,  
Thus spending his time from day unto day.

The winter had passed; in the first month of spring  
The owl left the trees, took more to the wing,  
Then down by the river one day he did fly  
A gopher caught in a trap he did spy.

Thought the owl to himself, that's just what I need  
This is my chance for a good morning feed,  
First circling around, then down he did swoop  
Triumphant, exalted, the owl gave a hoot.

An owl you all know has a face like a cat,  
The owl tore the skin from the gopher's back  
And using his talons again and again  
The gopher did scream and wriggle with pain.

Then sinking his beak in the top of his head  
In a very short time the gopher was dead,  
Then eating the flesh and leaving the skin,  
The owl very soon was again on the wing.

For the owl has now left the land of the Butte,  
No more can you hear the sound of his hoot;  
He has taken up his abode near Calgary  
To build his nest in a cottonwood tree.

Where the goldfinch and robin sing in their tree,  
There, mounted on high, the owl you can see;  
When night cometh down on their nest he will  
swoop  
To pick off their feathers to put in his coop.

## MY HEART IS SAD TODAY

I am feeling very lonely  
My heart is sad today,  
My daughter which I loved so well  
Her Father called away.

The roll was called up yonder  
Her name was found up there,  
So He called her to His mansion  
Its happiness to share.

But oh, my heart is said today,  
My head is aching sore  
And it's all for my dear Ina  
Whom I will see no more.

I've sat beneath a shady tree  
And heard the birdies sing  
And listened to their warbling notes  
When fluttering on the wing.

And then my heart was full of joy  
To hear their melody,  
But now since my dear Ina died  
All things seem sad to me.

There's no more beauty on this earth  
That once looked bright and fair,  
For now my heart is draped in grief  
And plunged in dark despair.

But still there lives within my heart  
A hope we'll meet again  
In future years when life is o'er  
Beyond the seat of pain.

So when a brighter morning dawns  
Upon a happier shore,  
When gathered to our Father's house  
We'll meet to part no more.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is the affection of the heart  
With feelings true and tender  
And those that laugh and sneer at this  
Confound their hissing member.

## A TOAST

Now here's to her that's o'er the sea  
Far, far across the ocean,  
And when I think about her name  
My heart swells with emotion.





# Part Two

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# Scottish Songs and Poems

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## MY ANNIE

Oh, when we parted, Annie dear  
Our parting gave us pain  
To think I had to leave thee, dear,  
And sail across the main.

The pangs of sorrow rent my heart,  
Oh how I long for thee  
But we shall meet again, dear one,  
Then we shall happy be.

My thoughts are still of thee, my love,  
Wherever I may roam  
I'll ne'er forget the happy days  
That we have spent at home.

Oh, Annie dear, what could I do  
Without thy love to me  
I would be like a ship sore-tossed  
Upon a stormy sea.

When wandering o'er Alberta's plains  
My thoughts are still of thee,  
Thou art the sunshine of my life,  
The star of hope to me.

So now goodbye sweet Annie dear  
Until I cross the main  
I then will fold thee in my arms  
And happy be again.

## TO MAGGIE DARLING

Oh I wish you were my darling  
How I wish you were my wife  
Oh I wish we were together  
Sailing o'er the sea of life.

I am far across the ocean  
Out upon Alberta's plain,  
Still I love thee, Maggie darling  
Can I hope thy heart to gain?

I still long for thee, dear maiden  
When I think of days gone by—  
When folded in each other's arms,  
Swiftly then the time did fly.

When the evening dew was falling  
Then I sped me on my way  
To my Maggie by the streamlet  
At the close of fading day.

They were happy times, dear Maggie,  
Till some tales did make us part,  
Still I love none else beside thee  
Thou shalt ever hold my heart.

When the autumn winds were sighing  
And the stars were shining bright,  
Oh how sweet to meet my darling  
In the moon's pale silv'ry light.

When I pressed thee to my bosom  
When I took my parting kiss  
I little knew what was before us  
I never thought we'd part like this.

Goodby fairest, goodby dearest  
Till I cross the foaming brine,  
If you love me tell me truly  
Can I gain that heart of thine?

## WHAT IS LOVE

Love is the greatest bliss I know  
In heaven above or earth below,  
A perfect peace, a blissful rest  
That dwells deep in the human breast.

I'll bet my life upon a tree  
No greater joys on earth can be  
I challenge all men now to name  
A purer and a sweeter flame.

Love reigns above, love rules below  
The greatest bliss the heart can know,  
But jealousy doth have a sting  
It pain into the heart doth bring.

I've tasted all the cords of love  
With her who's now in heaven above.  
And I have passed through sorrow's doom  
When death laid her inside the tomb.

Now ever cherish those you love  
With care as tender as a dove  
A parting day is on the wing  
It sorrow to the heart will bring.

Yet some may scoff and sneer at this  
That never got a faithful kiss,  
That never tasted Cupid's dart  
Or ever won a faithful heart.

But to all those who've known true love  
It's joy on earth like heaven above  
Should heaven hold more joy than this  
It truly is a place of bliss.

Now to all men who've known the same  
Any greater bliss I charge you name,  
Come tell me, ladies, if you know  
Any sweeter joys on earth below.

## MY DAISY

When the silver moon was shining  
Brightly o'er the eastern hills  
When I go to see my darling  
Then with love my bosom fills.

Though the road was long and dreary  
Yet my heart was light and gay  
When I went to see my Daisy  
Primrose of the month of May.

Some may boast about their Roses  
Some about their Lillies fair  
Give to me the modest Daisy  
Maiden with the yellow hair.

I still loved my modest Daisy  
Till on earth we had to part  
For emotions true and tender  
Dwelt deeply in her faithful heart.

Now to you that have got dear ones  
Cherish those you love so dear  
For there is a time of parting  
And it may be very near.

Then the wounded heart is bleeding  
Sorely tried with aching pain  
But there is a home up yonder  
Where we all shall meet again.

## MARY AND ALLIE

Two little girls grew side by side  
Through sunshine, snow and rain,  
Their merry laugh did cheer my heart  
They loved their Saviour's name.

Then Mary crossed the deep blue sea  
Unto Alberta's plain  
And Allie stayed on Scottish soil,  
They loved their Saviour's name.

But soon the pangs of death laid hold  
Upon young Mary's frame,  
Her spirit winged its flight on high  
She loved her Saviour's name.

A year and more did then pass by  
The call to Allie came  
To join dear Mary in the sky,  
She loved her Saviour's name.

Though parted here on earth below  
They both soon met again  
To sing God's praises in the sky,  
They loved their Saviour's name.

Though tempests may against us roar  
And quench the human frame  
We'll meet again in heaven above  
To praise our Saviour's name.

### JEANIE DARLING

Oh I love thee, Jeanie darling  
I wish that you were mine  
And I love to feel the pressure  
Of that dear hand of thine.

For thou art my morning sunshine  
Thou art my star of light,  
There's no other gem that shineth  
Can make my life so bright.

When I first beheld my Jeanie  
She stole my heart away  
No rest or slumber I could get  
Till I saw her next day.

I told her all my love for her,  
She gave a winning smile  
I clasped her in my fond embrace  
And held her there awhile.

Now when I kiss thy tender mouth  
And rosy lips of thine  
It makes my bosom swell with love  
I wish that you were mine.

I kissed her o'er and o'er again  
And pressed her to my heart,  
Now Jeanie's to be mine you know,  
And we shall never part.

### THE BONNIE LASS O HARRAY O

There is a lovely maiden fair  
Her name I will no tell ye O  
She's young and handsome, neat and gay  
The bonnie lass O Harray O.

The flowers that grow in gardens fair  
Even lillies, tulips, roses O  
Can't beat this maid so sweet and fair  
The bonnie lass O Harray O!

The burnie runs near to the house  
A winding clear and bonnie O  
Where lives this maid so fair to see  
The bonnie lass O Harray O!

The garden stands before the door  
How sweet the smell O' roses O,  
But sweeter still this fair maid is  
The bonnie lass O Harray O!

Her head o'erhangs with yellow hair  
Her sweet breath coming gently O,  
Her voice it sounds like melody  
The bonnie lass O Harray O!

Now here's to her so young and fair  
Though I'm a useless cronie O,  
I'll sing thy praises o'er the sea  
Thou bonnie lass O Harray O!



## 'T WAS ON THE LOUGH OF BIRSAY

It was on the lough of Birsay  
One lovely afternoon,  
Two lads and lassies had a sail  
When setting was the sun.

The water was as glass,  
The boat did glide along  
The ripples from the oars did rise  
As Mary sang a song.

Right steadily we glide along  
The water all around,  
Four lighter hearts that summer eve  
Were nowhere to be found.

And so may we as happy be  
And may our hearts be light  
As those four hearts were on their way  
As they went home that night.

Now one he is I know not where  
One in her grave doth lie  
One in British Columbia,  
How time is passing by.

And I upon Alberta's plains  
Doth bear its heat and toil  
I think about these happy days  
When turning round the soil.

A few more years will soon pass o'er  
No more we'll have to roam  
And then we'll hear our Father's voice  
Calling His children home.

So now goodby to you, friends all  
On Orkney's lovely shore,  
And when our earthly course is run  
We'll meet to part no more.

## MY OWN TRUE HEARTED DEARIE O

Thou silvery moon whose shining ray  
Doth cheer the traveller on his way,  
By hill and lake to thee I'll stray,  
My own true hearted Dearie O.

Though dark the night and wild winds roar  
And waves may wash the Orkney shore,  
You are the girl that I adore,  
My own true hearted Dearie O.

Or when the wintry winds do blow  
With beating rain or drifting snow,  
O'er land and sea for thee I'll go,  
My own true hearted Dearie O.

Ill love thee still with all my heart  
Long as I live till death does part;  
The Star of Hope to me thou art,  
My own true hearted Dearie O.

I'll love thee still, thou jewel rare,  
Thou maiden sweet, so young and fair  
With sparkling eyes and golden hair,  
My own true hearted Dearie O.

For thee I'll cross the raging main;  
Adieu to thee Alberta's plain,  
I'm coming home to thee again,  
My own true hearted Dearie O.

So come unto me, my dear one,  
Come unto me and rest  
I'll press thee to my bosom  
With thy head upon my breast.

## A LILY PURE AND WHITE

There grew a lily pure and white  
Across the raging sea,  
A sweeter flower never grew  
By mountain, stream, or lea.

When summer came with gentle winds  
And showers began to fall,  
This lily blossomed sweet and fair  
Beneath the garden wall.

When Autumn came with chilly winds,  
This lily faded fast;  
Its leaves fell off, its stem did die  
With winter's stormy blast.

The lily on the Scottish shore  
Is full of cheers and smiles,  
My heart looks back to bygone days  
Upon the Orkney Isles.

Isles of the blest, where I was born,  
I never can forget,  
Nor yet the smiling faces there  
That oft times I have met.

Here, grow some lilies pure and white  
Beneath the forest shade,  
I wonder if they're like the one  
For which my rent heart bled.

Yet, home among the Orkney Isles  
Such lilies still do grow,  
Their leaves are of a pinkish white,  
Their hearts are pure as snow.

Had I a lily such as this  
It would be all my care,  
Then men can sing of roses gay,  
I'll sing of lilies fair.

## HOME IN THE ORKNEYS

I've crossed the wide ocean, I've roamed o'er the  
plain,  
And traversed the woodlands again and again,  
But all of the pleasure that my heart ever knew,  
'Twas home in the Orkneys a-courting of you.

How oft times we met no other doth know  
Down by the burnie where the primroses grow,  
I loved you so dearly, your heart aye was true;  
'Twas home in the Orkneys a-courting of you.

There, pressed to my bosom your head on my  
breast,  
'Mong all the fair maidens I loved you the best;  
I kissed you so fondly, as lovers will do,  
'Twas home in the Orkneys a-courting of you.

My heart was enraptured; I did her enfold,  
And round me this maiden her arms enrolled.  
The summer winds sighing, how sweetly it blew,  
'Twas home in the Orkneys a-courting of you.

Young men and young maidens wherever you be  
There is no joy like this on land or on sea,  
But time would not linger, how quickly it flew,  
'Twas home in the Orkneys a-courting of you.

The crimson sun setting far down in the west  
Proclaimed my departure from her I loved best,  
I kissed her once more, then I bade her adieu,  
'Twas home in the Orkneys a-courting of you.

## THE STROMNESS LASS

For Stromness I was bound one day,  
I sailed from Aberdeen  
And there I paid my passage, boys,  
On board the Ocean Queen.

I stayed a while upon the deck;  
The moon was shining clear,  
When turning round I then beheld  
A lassie standing near.

Her hat she held upon her head,  
The wind aloft did snore  
And down along the vessel's side  
Loud did the billows roar.

Her cheeks they were like roses red,  
Her hair like ebony,  
She was the sweetest Stromness lass  
That ever I did see.

One gentleman did place her in  
The shelter of the mast,  
But there she did not stay for long—  
She scorned the wintry blast.

Though I am far across the sea  
Upon a foreign shore,  
I'll ne'er forget the Stromness lass  
That I will see no more.

## MY BONNIE HILLSIDE LASSIE O

The westlin' wind blows o'er the sea,  
The night's as dark as dark can be,  
By hill and lake to thee I'll go,  
My bonnie hillside Lassie O!

Hills to the right, hills to the left  
And hills ahead lay lightning cleft,  
Into the vale the burn doth flow,  
There lives my hillside Lassie O!

The house doth stand near to the road,  
It is the place of her abode;  
She is the fairest maid I know,  
This bonnie hillside Lassie O!

Her voice is sweet, her face is fair,  
Her head o'er hangs with yellow hair;  
A sweeter flower did never grow  
Than this sweet hillside Lassie O!

I love thee dear, and thee alone,  
Could I but claim thee for my own;  
True love doth in my bosom glow,  
To thee sweet hillside Lassie O!

I hope that we may meet again;  
She once was on Ontario's plain;  
Her heart's as pure as driven snow,  
This bonnie hillside Lassie O!

But now she's on the Orkney shore  
Where loud the foaming billows roar;  
Next year I'll leave the River Bow  
To meet my hillside Lassie O!

## JEANIE THE FLOWER OF QUOYLOO

Come all young men and maidens and listen unto  
me,

It's of a lovely fair maid as ever you did see,  
It's also of a young man and of this maiden too;  
She's lovely young Jeanie, the flower of Quooyloo.

'Twas in the church one Sunday in the month of  
May

First I saw young Jeanie, so beautiful and gay;  
She's sweeter than the flowers and her heart is true,  
She's lovely young Jeanie, the flower of Quooyloo.

At a dance one New Year's night Jeanie she was  
there;

Willie loved Jeanie for she was young and fair,  
The ladies did cast lots and all the young men drew  
Willie got young Jeanie, the flower of Quooyloo.

Willie being overjoyed he did dance with glee  
Because he got Jeanie a happy man was he,  
Picking his cap off his head in the air he threw,  
Because he got Jeanie, the flower of Quooyloo.

They circled round and round, went tripping o'er  
the floor,

Till Jeanie she got tired and she would dance no  
more;

Willie took her home that night as young men often  
do,

Because he loved Jeanie, the flower of Quooyloo.

He put the question to her then, she did answer yes,  
He caught her in his arms and gave to her a fond  
caress;

Both of them are happy because their hearts are  
true,

Great luck attend young Jeanie, the flower of Quooy-  
loo.



## BY THE ROADSIDE LIVES A MAIDEN

By the roadside lives a maiden  
As you go to Kirkwall town,  
And she is the fairest female  
In all the country round.

When first I saw this maiden, with  
Her head of curly hair  
With her cheeks as red as roses,  
None could with her compare.

She is modest as she's comely,  
Her form is full of grace,  
She will set your heart a-throbbing  
When you look in her face.

And when you look upon her, in  
Her beauty and her charms,  
There is a feeling in your heart  
You'll take her in your arms.

For her lips they are inviting  
And her face is sweet with smiles,  
And her heart is pure and tender;  
Sweet maid of Orkney Isles.

I wish thee well, sweet maiden fair;  
Great happiness to thee;  
I am a wanderer on this earth,  
No happiness for me.

For she who was my comfort here  
Is from my bosom riven;  
Love is the greatest bliss on earth,  
The ruling power in Heaven.

## THERE IS ONE ACROSS THE OCEAN

There is one across the ocean,  
Yes, there's one that I love dear;  
Oh, it is my Annie darling;  
How I wish that you were here.

I still long for thee, my dear one  
Like the sailor on the sea  
When the night is dark and stormy  
For the morning light to see.

So cheer up your heart, my darling  
Until we do meet again,  
Close beside the Red Deer river,  
Out upon Alberta's plain.

When the winds around are blowing,  
Then I'll fold you to my breast  
Sweetly, gently, Annie darling,  
For you know I love you best.

For my love swells like the ocean  
And as boundless as the sea;  
When I think of thee, my Annie,  
How my heart still longs for thee.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

Listen friends and I will tell you  
Of a man about to die,  
With his dear ones gathered round him,  
He was bidding them goodbye.

Goodbye mother, he said softly,  
Oh, my mother, do not sigh,  
We shall meet again in Heaven  
Where no tears bedim the eye.

Goodbye, father, I must leave you,  
Great the anguish of your heart,  
But there is a home up yonder  
Where we nevermore shall part.

Goodbye, sister, I'll be waiting  
On that happy shore for thee;  
We shall meet again, dear sister;  
Do not weep so bitterly.

Write and tell my loving brother  
Far across the raging main,  
We shall meet again in glory  
Nevermore to part again.

Now I hear a sweet voice calling:  
Do not tarry, Brother Jim,  
Heaven's gates are open for you—  
You can freely enter in.

I am coming, I am coming.  
Then his voice was heard no more,  
And his spirit safely landed  
Upon Canaan's blessed shore.

What is that I hear up yonder  
Sweeter far than mortal song?  
Hark! It is the angels singing;  
One more soul is gathered home.

Soon the call came to the father  
That his earthly course was run—  
Come and join the heavenly banner,  
For the battle you have won.

Now the sister's joined her brother  
On that fair celestial shore  
Where their other sister landed  
Only a few years before.

Cheer up parent, cheer up husband,  
Cheer up brother o'er the main;  
There's a landing place before you,  
Where you all shall meet again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far, far away in that home of the blest  
Where we all hope to meet again,  
No trials are there in that world to test,  
Neither sorrow, nor care, nor pain.

### THE ORKNEY ISLES FOR ME

Some may sing of foreign lands,  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
I will sing of my native land,  
The Orkney Isles for me.

'Twas there I passed my youthful days,  
Most happy days to me;  
Alas! those days are all gone now,  
The Orkney Isles for me.

The skylark sings most beautiful  
So charming and so free,  
And there the blackbird tunes its notes;  
The Orkney Isles for me.

D. K. across the rocky range  
Not very far from me,  
Disowned the land where he was born;  
The Orkney Isles for me.

Could I my youthful days live o'er,  
I'd live them o'er with glee,  
The bitter parts I would leave out;  
The Orkney Isles for me.

It's here the Rockies raise their heads,  
A splendid sight to see,  
Then and still, and all the while  
The Orkney Isles for me.

For I have viewed a lovelier scene  
Many a time before,  
It is to watch those mighty waves  
Roll in upon the shore.

They dash against that rock-bound coast,  
The waves rise mountains high,  
They break the rocks in pieces small,  
Mount upwards to the sky.

Here's to the good old Orkney Isles,  
The land where I was born;  
Its heathery hills, its corn fields,  
The thistle and the thorn.

And all the friends I left behind  
Still happy may you be,  
Goodbye to you, dear friends, just now;  
The Orkney Isles for me.

## A VOYAGE FROM STROMNESS TO ABERDEEN

It was upon a winter day  
The middle of December,  
I boarded the St. Nicholas  
That lay in Stromness harbour.

'Twas there I saw a Shetland maid  
Scarce able e'en to rise;  
Her face was white as driven snow,  
The tears were in her eyes.

She was so sick she scarce could speak,  
As on the deck she lay;  
Rough was the sea and fierce the wind  
Had blown a storm all day.

The sailing hour had then arrived,  
The third bell ringing clear,  
The mooring ropes were soon cast off;  
The ship to sea did steer.

She bounded down the Pentland firth  
Against a snoring breeze,  
The good ship steaming on her way  
Into the angry seas.

Black clouds were flying overhead,  
Great waves did roll below;  
She rolled and pitched most furiously  
As if she down would go.

The raging of these mighty waves  
No power on earth can stay;  
Man's but an object of their wrath,  
The sea rolls on for aye.

The wind increased when we had passed  
The head of Duncan's Bay,  
And through the stormy Moray Firth  
The steamship ploughed her way.

And still this Shetland maid lay sick,  
Stretched out upon the floor;  
The perspiration on her brow  
Burst out through every pore.

'Twas there she lay, a helpless maid  
Upon the ocean deep,  
Sore tossed about with angry waves,  
While some were fast asleep.

"Water!" I heard her feebly say;  
I sprang out of my bed  
And gave her quickly one good drink  
And soothed her aching head.

Her voice was weak—she scarce could speak,  
But looked up in my eyes,  
A look which I can ne'er forget  
Until the day I die.

There comes a time in all our lives  
That makes the heart o'erflow  
Either with grief or tenderness,  
As most of us well know.

Come sit ye down, ye sons of men,  
Just sit you down and think  
The cup of pain and bitterness  
That some have got to drink.

When the St. Nicholas was near  
The Borough of Peterhead,  
An awful sea broke o'er the deck;  
She seemed to sink like lead.

And when the wave broke o'er her deck  
All thought we were no more;  
It sounded like a thunder crash  
Or like a cannon's roar.

Three men did sit upon a seat,  
All others were in bed;  
These men belonged to Aberdeen,  
"They're fools," the captain said.

She's going down one of them cried  
Right down into the sea  
I don't care the other one said  
Let her go down said he



Let her go down into the deep  
Down to the gates of Hell  
It is my wish where others die  
There I might die as well.

She's rising now, the third one said,  
She will not sink today  
It's but a mile stone she has struck  
She's speeding on her way,

This Shetland maid did still lay sick,  
I went to her again,  
I held my hand across her brow  
To try and ease the pain.

And still the good ship steamed along,  
From wave to wave did bound  
And everything before my eyes  
Seemed whirling round and round.

Then when we came near to the shore  
The white waves could be seen,  
A line of breakers rolled across  
The Bar of Aberdeen.

The waves broke o'er the vessel's deck,  
When making for the bay  
And when she passed that roaring surf,  
In quiet waters lay.

This Shetland maid did then arise,  
Got slowly out of bed;  
Her raven locks of matted hair  
Did cluster round her head.

This maiden fair did feel so weak  
She scarcely then could stand  
And when she tried to comb her hair  
The comb fell from her hand.

I picked it up and combed her hair  
Then helped her ashore,  
I'll ne'er forget the Shetland maid  
That I will see no more.

## WRITTEN TO MRS. FLETT

Once I saw a lovely fair maid  
But her name I will not tell;  
She was fairer far and sweeter,  
Than the flowers in the dell.

Hundland school is where I saw her  
There when I was carting peats;  
Voice sweet as an Angel's whisper,  
With her red and rosy cheeks.

And her hair did hang in ringlets,  
Yellow hair like streams of gold;  
She's the girl that John George married,  
He loves her dear I am told.

For the kindness to my children,  
I did send that skin to thee;  
'Twas a mean and humble present,  
For to send across the sea.

Husband may you ever cherish,  
Her on earth you love so dear;  
There's a parting day before you,  
No one knows how far or near.

For a gentle word when spoken,  
Sooths and cheers the drooping heart;  
But a harsh and cruel answer,  
Seems to rend the heart apart.

She's a jewel of great treasure,  
Greater far than Scotland's gold;  
Thou could'st not a dearer creature  
Into thine own arms enfold.

Good bye brother, good bye sister,  
Happy may you ever be;  
May you both live long together  
Life of love and unity.

## WHEN HARPER WAS COURTING A YOUNG LASSIE MEG.

When Harper was courting a young lassie Meg,  
He ruffled her temper by stroking her head.  
She warned him twice to leave her alone,  
But he would not forbear the old silly drone.

He laughed and he giggled to see her grow mad  
And then even called her a silly old jade;  
She caught up the poker and swung round her head  
And gave him a blow on the shin of the leg.

He sprang to his feet then, he stood on the floor,  
He then called her a fool and ran for the door;  
And over the bridge by Setter he sped,  
And limped off home with a half broken leg.

A few days had passed, he met Edd on the road  
Says Harper to Eddie, Oh have you seen Mowat  
The latest of news did he let you know,  
Says Eddie I heard it a few days ago.

He pulled up his pants and he drew down his sock,  
And showed him the mark he had got on his  
stock;

My leg is all blue, confound her, he said,  
I thought she had broken the bone of my leg.

He hurried along for the mails could not wait,  
And showed his blue leg to all that he met;  
The blue turned yellow and tinged with green,  
There never such a leg ever was seen.

Good speed to the lassie that sobered his pride  
I wish that I had her this day for a bride  
I'd cherish and love her and tend her with care  
But watch her when stroking her fine head of  
hair.

## THE ORKNEY GIRLS FOREVER

To Munson we did drive one day,  
We crossed the Red Deer River;  
And as we drove we also sang,  
The Orkney girls forever.

Jim Taylor saw a Swedish girl,  
That made his heart to quiver;  
A bonnie lass she was, but yet—  
The Orkney girls forever.

Jim Stanger saw an Irish girl,  
Both beautiful and clever;  
If we do make a fortune, boys,  
The Orkney girls forever.

And Frederick Plant did then sing out,  
"I'll fancy them, no never,  
I am a Grenock man myself,  
My Etta Seal forever."

Jim Borwick was not there that day,  
For he had got the fever;  
But he is getting stronger now,  
His Orkney girl forever.

And Johnnie Moar that very night,  
His brain went in a fever—  
Because he was not there that day,  
The Orkney girls forever.

He courted with her all day  
It's either now or never;  
And carry home the yellow gold,  
The Orkney girls forever.

And after supper time that night  
We all did sing together,  
This was the chorus of our song,  
The Orkney girls forever.

## OH KISS ME DARLING

Oh kiss me, darling, kiss me,  
And fold me to your heart;  
Seal the tie that binds our lives,  
To-morrow we must part.

Oh kiss me, darling, kiss me,  
And strain me to your breast;  
'Tis there I love to linger,  
It is the lover's rest.

Oh kiss me, darling, kiss me,  
I love no one but thee;  
'Ere the sun doth gild these hills  
I'll be upon the sea.

Oh kiss me, darling, kiss me,  
Our parting time is near;  
My heart doth swell with anguish  
My eyes are dim with tears.

Oh kiss me, darling, kiss me,  
And also pray for me:  
That I may be protected  
From dangers on the sea.

Oh kiss me, darling, kiss me,  
Our parting gives me pain;  
May the good Angels guard thee,  
'Till we do meet again.

## THE FLOWER O' HARRA

'Mong Orkney's hills and Orkney's braes,  
My heart was sore with sorrow;  
Because I had to sail the seas,  
And leave the flower O' Harra.

Now I am on the Ghost Pine Creek,  
Where Buffalo trails run narrow;  
But oftimes I do think of her  
That dearest flower O'Harra.

Here Indians heard strange cries at night  
That chilled them to the marrow;  
And when I hear those cries myself  
I'd sonoer be in o'Harra.

Upon the plains we shoot the wolf  
And you can shoot your sparrow;  
'Tis better far to stay at home  
And gain the flower O' Harra.

Now this is Christmas Eve, my boys,  
And Christmas comes tomorrow;  
And oh my heart doth long for her  
The sweetest flower O' Harra.

Harray boys get busy while you can,  
Or it may cause you sorrow:  
Some Birsay boys are coming home  
To gain the flower O' Harra.

## THE COTTAGE MAID

This is a sad, sad tale of love  
That I make known to you;  
Although it may seem strange to some,  
It all the same is true.

It's of a man and maiden fair,  
That loved each other dear;  
But Fate was cruel to them both,  
For death was drawing near.

The man fell sick, and day by day  
He weaker still did grow;  
And when they saw there was no hope  
The maiden's heart sank low.

Then softly on his parched lips  
She sweetly pressed a kiss;  
She gently stroked his drooping head—  
Was ever love like this?

Could you have seen that cottage maid  
That day they both did part;  
Did ever mortal man behold  
Such anguish in the heart.

When he was laid into the grave  
This maid was sore distressed;  
A cruel grave to those who're young,  
The aged's place of rest.

Her joy had fled, her heart sank low,  
Her hopes on earth were crushed;  
The one she loved most dear on earth,  
Was buried in the dust.



The tears ran down her rosy cheeks,  
Her bosom rose and fell;  
A choking sigh swelled in her heart,  
A tale of woe to tell.

A fairer face you scarce could see,  
And pleasant was her gaze;  
I never heard in all my life,  
A word to her dispraise.

For young men they do often love  
A face that's young and fair;  
But search the heart and try to find  
What good is hidden there.

Three years rolled on, and other men  
Did want her for a bride;  
Her heart no other man could win,  
She set them all aside.

One evening as I walked abroad  
I met this maid alone;  
A dreary road before her lay,  
I did escort her home.

Light fleecy clouds did float along  
That lovely winter night;  
No more the rose tinge on her cheeks,  
Her face was pale and white.

And when I came unto her home  
I bade her then good bye;  
'Twas plainly written on her face,  
This maid had soon to die.

Before the winter storms had passed  
Her step grew slow and weak,  
Yet no complaint escaped her lips;  
She scarcely then could speak.

And soon this cottage maid lay low  
Upon a bed of pain;  
The warbling notes of the sylark  
She never heard again.

Yet oft times she was heard to say  
I'm not afraid to die,  
I'll gladly leave this earthly home  
For better in the sky.

It was upon a bright spring morn  
The birdies sang their best,  
Her spirit winged its flight on high  
To mingle with the blest.

When she was laid into the grave  
Young hearts were like to burst;  
By the remains of him she loved  
She now sleeps dust by dust.

Of all the fair maids I have known  
Either in east or west,  
Of whom I've heard and whom I knew  
She was among the best.

## BENEATH THE ROWAN TREE

The crimson sun glowed in the west  
And glittered on the sea,  
There sat a man and maiden fair  
Beneath the rowan tree.

He had his arm around her waist,  
The lady on his knee,  
He kissed her o'er and o'er again  
Beneath that rowan tree.

He fondly pressed her to his heart;  
I love no one but thee.  
These were the words he said to her  
Beneath that rowan tree.

She put her arm around his neck,  
For she loved him dearly;  
He gained her heart that summer eve  
Beneath that rowan tree.

They now have parted here below  
For it was heaven's decree;  
They cannot ever meet again  
Beneath that rowan tree.

No doubt you think I spied on them,  
But right you cannot be,  
For it was I who was the man  
Beneath that rowan tree.

## THE DEATH OF A FAIR MAID

There lived a maid sweet and fair,  
Two Orkney hills between  
The hillside burn runs through the vale,  
No fairer could be seen.

Through meadows decked with various flowers  
That rippling streamlet flows,  
But in the grave yard now she lies  
And sleeps her last repose.

Oft taken in their youthful prime  
The sweetest and the best.  
Come unto me, her Master said,  
And I will give you rest.

It makes my heart sad now to think  
That one so sweet and fair  
Was taken in her youthful prime.  
Few could with her compare.

Her body now lies in the grave,  
But it will rise again  
And join her spirit in the skies  
Beyond the seat of pain.

What is there in that world above?  
There's love and joy and life;  
And what have we on earth below  
But war and pain and strife?

It's hard to part with one we love,  
With one so sweet and true;  
But those who're mourning now, for her,  
She's watching now for you.

## SCOTLAND'S LAND FOR ME

Far o'er the Atlantic's rolling wave  
Across the raging sea,  
There is a land that I love dear—  
Old Scotland's land for me.

Its heathery hills and sunny vales  
Where sweet the primrose grows,  
Where heather bells perfume the air  
With summer's early rose.

Where bees do hum and flowers grow  
And daisies deck the green;  
'Twas there I spent life's early days  
Near to a running stream.

Those days of youthful joys are past,  
Ah, never to return;  
The one I loved most dear has gone,  
For her I now must mourn.

Oh, Canada's a goodly land,  
The truth I'll fairly own,  
But when I think of Scotland's shore  
I oft-times long for home.

Land of my birth, my native land,  
My heart is still with thee;  
Where'er I roam away from home,  
Old Scotland's land for me.

## THE WEST COAST OF ORKNEY

Come get yourself into a boat  
And sail along with me  
And we will pass the Isle of Hoy  
That great Old Man to see.

He's of an old and noble race,  
A giant of the sea.  
He's but one leg, the other has  
Been broken from his knee.

He once had two like other men,  
But woe be to the day  
When the Atlantic's fury burst  
And swept the one away.

And then along the Sandwich shore  
And in the Bay of Skail  
We'll pull our boat up on the beach  
And have a drink of ale.

Then when we pass the Marwich shore,  
Where fishes do abound,  
You'll see the sporting porpoises  
Go whirling round and round.

We then will pass the Marwich crag  
And for the Birsay shore,  
We'll land our boat upon the beach  
Where loud the cannons' roar.

And then we'll walk along the shore  
Upon the golden sands,  
And pass the bridge across the stream  
Where the Old Palace stands.

There brave Hacon, King of Norway,  
At one time did abide,  
And many a winter storm has passed  
Since that old hero died.

And then we'll walk still farther on,  
And in Borough we'll go  
Where ducks and seagulls you will see  
Go darting to and fro.

Sir Walter Red's hole you will see  
And the Cove Goe also,  
And many other things as well  
If you will only go.

So now goodnight unto you all,  
And may you happy be;  
It's good to spend a summer day,  
Where wonders you can see.



## SLASHER HAULING SILLOCKS

One day a calm lay on the sea  
And Slasher took his bait cuby,  
And he struck out for Skibby Goe  
To haul a score o' Sillocks O!

His fishing rod was in his hand,  
But he called it his sillock wand;  
His legs went striding to and fro  
As he struck out for Skibby Goe.

The ebb was then far out at sea,  
He crossed the rocks right carefully;  
On Vestabar he took his stand  
And loosed the line down o' his wand.

His line he threw with human skill  
Until his bait cuby was full,  
The hook then caught his trouser's seat  
And lifted Slasher off his feet.

He plunged and wallowed in the sea  
And Oh, a piteous sight was he;  
He sank right down and then he rose—  
A crab was hanging to his nose.

He threw his wand into the sea,  
And there he lost his bait cuby;  
Some fishermen were near the spot,  
They hauled the object in the boat.

And landed him in Skibby Goe;  
He waggled home with muckle woe,  
And took his seat beside the fire;  
His wife was out into the lyre.

When she came in and saw his plight  
She dropped the milk pail in a fright;  
The rocks being slippery, said he,  
And thus I fell into the sea.

With tatties and a bit of fat,  
The milk was licked up by the cat;  
He then did fill his hungry wame  
And ne'er went out to fish again.

## HOW JOHNNIE FRIEND DOWNED THE SLASHER

When the ditch was dug up yonder  
That belonged to Johnnie Friend,  
Then down went Mr. Slasher  
As fast as he could bend.

They tugged and strove together  
And swerved to and fro,  
But Slasher was the weaker  
And under had to go.

Then down went Mr. Slasher  
And fell upon his back,  
And Johnnie down upon him  
With stride legs on him sat.

Great beads of perspiration  
Did stand upon his brow;  
Says Johnnie then to Slasher:  
Old man I have thee now.

Oh let me up, cried Slasher,  
I will not fight thee more;  
His wife came out to help him  
And she both cursed and swore.

The neighbors that did see it  
Will ne'er forget that day,  
How they tugged and strove together  
Like school boys at their play.

He's got widows' curse and maidens,  
For the maids he has depraved,  
And the widows' curse will follow  
This Slasher to the grave.

Now here's good health, dear Johnnie,  
Come down that dirty loon,  
And when I meet dear Johnnie  
We'll both drink half a crown.

## SLASHER AND HIS LASS

First when Slasher saw his lass  
Upon the market green,  
He said aloud unto himself,  
By jingo, she's a queen.

He went unto a candy stand  
To buy his lass some candies  
To cure her of her troubles great,  
For she then had the jandies.

He took a penny from his purse  
And bought a stick of rock,  
And he did tell the candy wife  
To put it in a pock.

But he upset the candy stand  
When speaking to his dear;  
The candy wife cried out aloud,  
"Is a policeman near?"

Then Slasher looked around in fear,  
And started at a run,  
When someone on the market green  
Did hit him with a bun.

He ran a little way and then  
He stumbled and did fall,  
For he did think that he was shot  
By a large cannon ball.

He put his hand unto his cheek  
And finding all was right,  
Then up he got, ran to the town  
Hid in a sewer pipe.

So there he lay for a long time  
Till darkness did come on,  
Then he crawled out of his hole,  
Went gruesomely for home.

And when he came unto his home  
His mammie took a tub  
With water and a heather broom,  
Poor Slasher she did scrub.

## SLASHER AND THE SNOW MAN

This tale which I am going to tell  
Upon a wintry night befell,  
'Twas told by Johnnie Code himsel'  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

The day before we had some snow  
And then the western winds did blow,  
Which set about a speedy thaw,  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

As Slasher went to Jolly's van  
A pail of eggs were in his hand;  
He saw a sight that made him stand,  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

A snowman made near Whitaclett,  
An umbrella in his head was set;  
He was a fearful sight, you bet,  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

Now Slasher thought he saw the Deil,  
The sight did make his head to reel,  
And awful bad his heart did feel;  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

Then Slasher ran with might and main  
And stumbled o'er a roundy stone  
And nearly broke his collar bone,  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

Into his hand the pail of eggs  
Which all went clash about his legs,  
Painted his trousers red, by fegs,  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

Walking along came Johnnie Code  
And making for his own abode,  
He spied an object on the road;  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

And stooping down he heard a moan  
Which sounded like a dying groan;  
A huddled heap lay near a stone,  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

He set it up—a human form  
All clad with gutter and forlorn;  
He swore the like was never born,  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

Oh, put me home, friend Code, says he,  
The awful sight that I did see,  
And now I've nearly broke my knee;  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

Side by side they trudged along  
And slowly did they hobble on,  
And always Slasher gave a groan;  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

Again as Whitaclett drew near,  
The Deil again he did appear,  
And Slasher shook with mortal fear;  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

A snowman Frank and Code had made,  
Set an umbrella on his head;  
His eyes were black, his mouth was red;  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

A peal of laughter broke from Code  
That shook the side ditch and the road,  
As Slasher sank upon the sod;  
Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!



Then Slasher with his walking stick,  
He then did know it was a trick;  
I'll swear this Code he is a brick;  
    Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

And when the news reached John of Crook  
He laughed until his inside shook,  
And soon it spread o'er all the nook;  
    Ha! Ha! for Slasher O!

## IT WAS UPON A WINTER DAY

It was upon a winter day  
I sat me down to think  
Upon the cup of bitterness,  
That some have got to drink.

There are the lame that cannot walk,  
The blind who do not see,  
And oft times such as these do live  
A life of misery.

There are the dumb who cannot speak,  
The deaf who do not hear;  
It pains the heart to think upon  
Such ones who we love dear.

And some on beds of sickness lie  
For weeks, or months, or years,  
With pain or suffering to endure  
In loneliness and tears.

Just think upon this dreadful war  
With suffering untold;  
Whole families made destitute,  
While some do roll in gold.

And wounded men upon the field  
Oft times all night did lie,  
With none to help or succour them,  
To suffer and to die.

Why should a living man complain  
When he has food to eat,  
And strength to work and rest at night  
And go to bed and sleep?

And rise up with the morning light,  
His daily work to do?  
Although he has a humble life  
And humble dwelling too.

And man when in his youthful prime,  
Can work from day to day,  
But with the weary woes of age  
The tottering frame gives way.

Then down he sinks into the dust,  
His troubles then are o'er,  
But may his spirit wing its flight  
To the celestial shore.

## I KNOW THE ANGUISH OF THY HEART

I know the anguish of thy heart  
When the sad tidings came  
That the loved one was nigh to death  
And suffering great pain.

Yet in his sickness all his thoughts  
Were centered upon thee,  
His bosom darling, whom he loves,  
Far, far across the sea.

One night he dreamed that you were dead;  
It caused his heart great pain;  
Another night he dreamed that you  
Were out upon this plain.

Now cease the anguish of your heart  
And, sister, do not mourn;  
He is improving day by day,  
His strength will soon return.

## I AM ENDING UP MY POETRY

I am ending up my poetry  
Which some may criticize,  
And some may think this book it is  
A failure in their eyes.

I am but a new beginner,  
You very well can see,  
And with the errors I have made  
I hope you'll bear with me.

There's parts of it that are not good  
And parts they're even bad  
And verses, when you read them,  
Perchance will make you sad.

And in the winter evenings  
The time you may beguile,  
When you have nothing else to do;  
Some parts may make you smile.

And if I write another book  
I'll try and better do,  
But now, just at the present time,  
I'll bid goodbye to you.















